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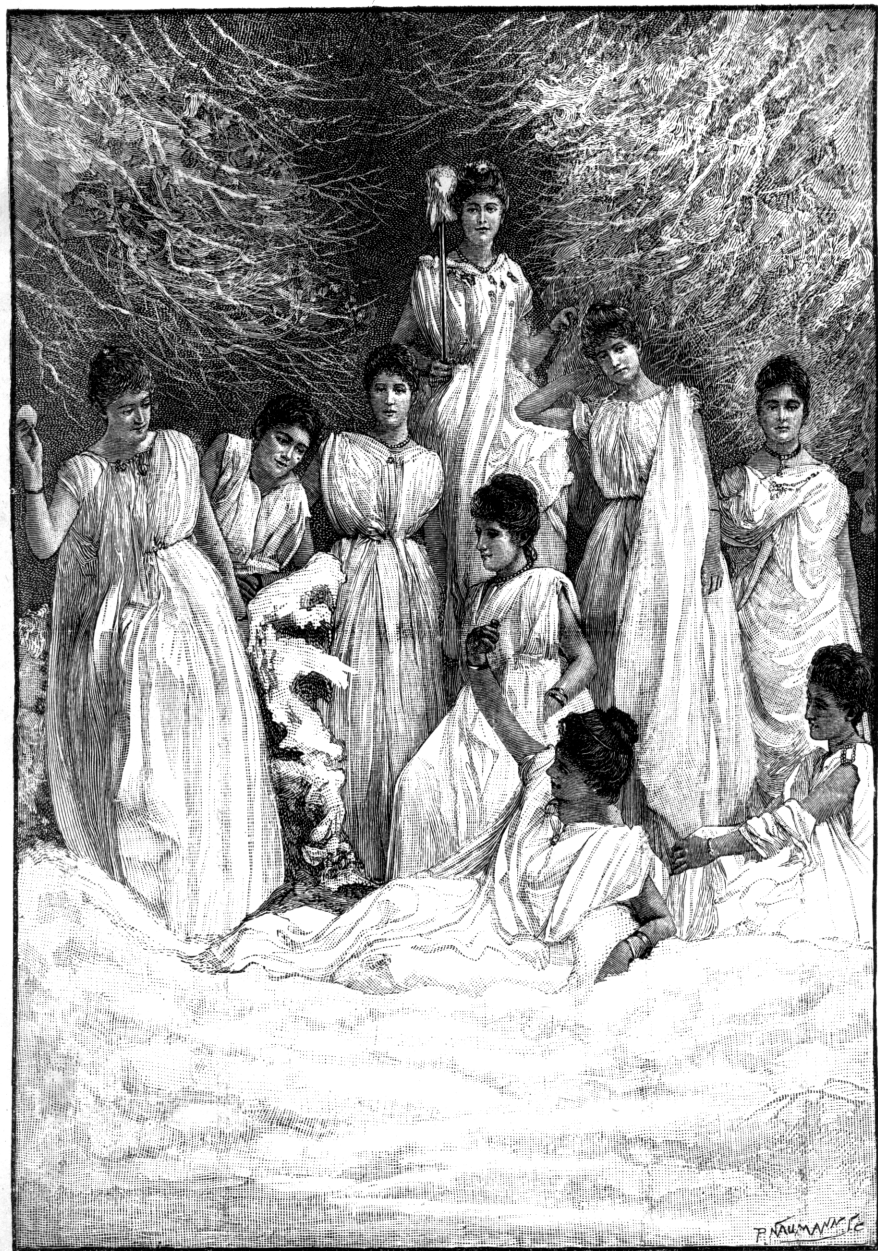


London:

BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND

1891

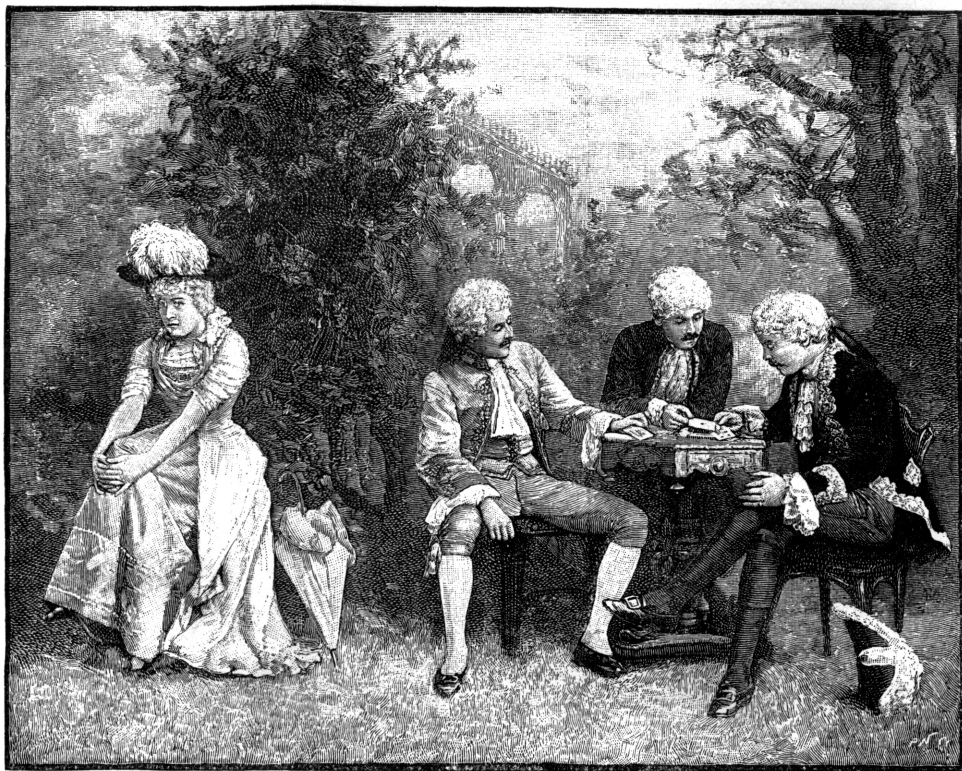




"THE SNOW QUEEN."

(Tableaux Vivants.)

## Tableaux Vivants.



"THE GAMBLER'S WIFE."

**S**O much attention has lately been given to tableaux, that it will no doubt be interesting to go through the minutiae which must be properly attended to before anything like success can be attained. We have often seen tableaux completely ruined by an awkward piece of mismanagement, clumsy grouping, or bad lighting, which, but for these defects, would have been very effective.

Of course, nearly everything depends upon the stage manager, who should be an experienced man, and with plenty of good temper and patience, for he has a great deal to put up with. And first a word or two about the stage. Very often one has to be improvised, and in that case it is most essential to have a proper "rake"—that is, a slope down from the back to

the front, of not less than one inch to one foot, in order that the group presented may be better seen from every part of the auditorium. In some cases stages are built, as it were, in three tiers, each about nine inches to one foot above the other; but this is not a satisfactory construction, as, in arranging tableaux, quickness is the very essence of success, and, in running the properties on and off, these tiers get in the way. Stages should be firmly and substantially constructed. There have been cases of collapse, under the united weight of scenery and groups.

**SCENERY.**—It is contended by some people that scenery is unnecessary, and only takes the eye from the group in front; but such is not really the case; and where artistic scenery is obtainable, relative to the subject of the group, not too strongly

expressed, and prettily arranged, it is most helpful, and, in fact, a *sine quâ non*. As regards the properties, the stools and boxes, of which, generally, a good number are required, should be made on purpose, of different heights. These are most helpful in posing groups; but the stage should not be overburdened with them, as they are then only in the way, and make extra work in

a necessity. As to the limelight, the two men who manage this must throw their light from a height of not less than six feet; they should be opposite one another, and room must be arranged for their apparatus and oxygen bottle. It is well to have reliable operators for this work, as they are not always trustworthy; and not to allow them to leave the stage until their



"A SUMMER SHOWER."

removing. It is a great thing, if possible, to have these properties so made that they will suit all the tableaux to be presented.

Perhaps the most important subject is the lighting. It is a disputed point as to whether footlights are advantageous. In the tableaux here illustrated they were always used, as sometimes it was found that the limelight does not reach the feet, and a hard white line is the result. The overhead floats are

work is completed, as should anything go wrong with the limelight the tableaux would be inevitably ruined. On figures draped in white, or statuary, the blue light is perhaps the best, and altogether the most suited to the subject, on account of the softness it gives to the drapery; and, especially in the case of statuary, it has all the appearance and effect of marble. As tableaux are generally shown



"THE SHRINE OF VENUS."

two or three times, the curtain is rung down for a few seconds while another pose is arranged. A different lighting effect may be used in the second and third exhibitions: for instance, in "The Snow Queen" (represented in the frontispiece) in the first representation, the blue light was used; and in the second a red, and this, of course, combined with the light from the floats and footlights, produced a happy effect. This tableau was perhaps the most successful of the whole series, which were all put on at Blackheath recently, and arranged by Mrs. Hart and Mr. W. E. Parker, in aid of various charities in the neighbourhood. Those which we have chosen as subjects for illustration were very successful, and these we will now particularise more minutely.

Special attention was paid to the grouping and lighting. Of course in the case of "The Snow Queen" all the dresses were of a pure white, in keeping with the subject, and a very effective foreground was made with some light diaphanous drapery, the realism being heightened by some glistening powder, known as Jack Frost, thrown over

the dresses of the figures at the last moment to represent hoar-frost. This tableau was encored every time.

"The Gambler's Wife" is taken from the well-known picture. In this tableau the colour is pretty evenly balanced, the costumes were remarkably good, and every detail carefully studied from the original. The scenery, too, was a great success, and altogether was much admired.

In "The Summer Shower" the dresses, if not quite white, nearly approached it, and the mixture of blue and white in the lighting was very appropriate. The tableau represents three young ladies, who have been caught by a shower, taking shelter under a somewhat conventional tree until the sky clears again. This tableau always found favour with the audience.

"The Shrine of Venus" had the advantage of being taken from Mr. Alma Tadema's beautiful picture. It would be superfluous to comment on the composition of it. The dresses, which of course were as near fac-similes of the painting as possible, were well lighted; once with the admixture of the red and white, and again by the blue





"PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."

and white lights. This tableau, it is needless to say, was very well received.

"Scandal, or Private and Confidential," was a very pretty conception. It was either supposed to represent three bosom friends engaged in reading a proposal, all unconscious of the proximity of the proposer himself, accompanied by some eager listeners, or a group of ladies engaged in discussing the latest bit of scandal, whilst some of those concerned are hearing their own characters extolled, or otherwise. This shared the enthusiastic reception accorded to the former.

"The Tiff" is reproduced from a well-known painting; a friend is acting as a

peacemaker between wife and husband. This tableau saved the stage-manager the trouble of composition by the study from the original. The dresses were in subdued art shades, on which the red light had a charming effect.

"He loves me; he loves me not," was hardly less successful.

In arranging tableaux of this kind, especial care should be taken not to throw contradictory colours on to the groups, such as red light on to yellow. The red light is generally used to represent evening; the blue, moonlight; and the white, sunshine. As the operators cannot communicate with each other whilst

the curtain is up, a complete and exact list of the lights required for each tableau must be supplied to them beforehand, so that no hitch occurs. The gas wants good arrangement, so that the man who attends to it can turn the footlights and floats up exactly at the right moment, or moderate the light as required. The curtain should, as a rule, be up for fifteen to twenty-five seconds, or even more, at the stage-manager's discretion, as he will be at the side watching

much rehearsing as the posing of the figures. Some people are instinctively better able to pose than others, and it is the want of power in this direction that gives the stage-manager so much trouble. As one remarked: "When you ask for the hand or arm to be extended, the effect is very often more like an old Dutch doll than anything else." In this lies the hardest part of the work. Of course, when a tableau is taken from a picture, line



"A TIFF."

the group, and, should any of the members show sign of wavering or moving, he will at once ring down the curtain.

It is necessary to have three or four rehearsals, the last of which should be, if possible, a dress rehearsal, and the stage-manager should use the same properties for the members of the various tableaux that are to be in use when presented to the audience; and it is a good plan to label these, in order that there may be no confusion at the last moment. The properties require quite as

for line, the picture, or a copy of it, should be on the stage, in order that the members may study each individual part; but when, as is more often the case, the manager is responsible for the group, it depends a great deal on his artistic ability as to whether the posing and grouping are good. Very often the moving back of a member will mar or make the success of a tableau. Again, the turn of a wrist, or the inclination of a head, will have the same effect; as, although a tableau is judged in its

entirety, each member should endeavour to hold herself or himself gracefully, so as to contribute to a harmonious whole.

There is one caution to be noted. The soot from the gas in the floats sometimes collects on the ironwork overhead, and, having got red-hot, falls. It was noticed in one of the tableaux that the audience did not consider it a success on account of a young lady, who was supposed to be putting on her shoe, but who was in reality pinching

out a large piece of burning soot, which had fallen on her dress. A fine piece of wire gauze under the float will entirely remedy this. Indeed, floats should never be fixed without it, as otherwise an accident is so liable to happen.

We think we have rehearsed all the details necessary to produce pretty and successful tableaux, and the illustrations above given will be a help to those who wish to represent them.



"HE LOVES ME; HE LOVES ME NOT."

*Woke Up at Last.*



THE VISION OF ST. HELENA. BY PAULO VERONESE.  
(In the National Gallery.)



HERE'S room for you too, Neliie!" said Ralphie, in his sweet, feeble voice. So Nellie curled herself up beside him in the capacious old leathered-covered arm-chair which always stood beside the parlour fire.

There was a splendid fire flaming in the grate, so the children did not mind being alone in the on-coming darkness. They were quite happy, nestling together in the big chair, with the firelight playing on their faces and flickering all over the room. The changeful golden glow and the strange leaping shadows brought beauty and



mystery into Mrs. Clarke's barely-furnished little parlour.

Mrs. Clarke herself had gone out to do some marketing. She had been a long time gone, and in their secret hearts the children hoped it would be a long while yet before she returned. Poor Mrs. Clarke, soft-hearted as a baby, but careful and troubled about many things, was often rather cross and disagreeable. Since Mr. Clarke's death four years ago she had been a lodging-house keeper, and lodging-house keeping had spoiled her temper, and brought anxious puckers and wrinkles to her once smooth forehead. But the fact that she had adopted little orphaned Ralphie was proof enough of her being at heart a thoroughly kind and womanly woman.

This was the sad history, so far as Mrs. Clarke knew it, of Ralphie's parentage. Seven years ago, when Mr. Clarke was alive and when Mrs. Clarke only let out two top rooms of her house, there came one day a gentleman seeking lodgings for himself, his wife, and baby. Mrs. Clarke knew he was a gentleman, although he was shabbily dressed, and could not afford to pay much for the rooms. He was an artist, he said, and his face was so sad, gentle, and winning that Mrs. Clarke needed no other recommendation, and even let him have the rooms for much less than she had originally asked. No one knew better than Mrs. Clarke the heart-rending struggles with ill-fortune and poverty her lodgers went through, and no one was sadder than Mrs. Clarke when the young artist laid down his brush for the last time, and took to his bed and died. And when, not many months later, the young artist's girl-wife, broken-hearted, followed her husband

into the unseen world, it was Mrs. Clarke who took compassion on the sickly, wailing baby boy, and brought him up side by side with her own little daughter Nellie.

As the firelight shone on the two little faces it was easy to see that the children were not brother and sister. Ralphie's face was delicately pretty, with white arched brow and sensitive blue eyes; Nellie's was plain, plump, and happy-looking. They had been sitting silent for a long time. Nellie was half asleep; her dark head with the straight hair cut short all round it lying against Ralphie's curls of silky gold. Ralphie's dreaming, dilating eyes were fixed upon the clear flaming fire.

"Nellie!" said Ralphie suddenly, "I should think that lady in the picture woke up!"

"What lady, Ralphie?" said Nellie, opening wide her sleepy brown eyes.

"The lady that's asleep, and that the angel boys are flying down to with a cross," said Ralphie.

"That picture in the big gallery that you're so fond of?" said Nellie, suddenly comprehending.

"Yes," answered Ralphie, and went on dreamily: "P'raps these angels are her own little boys that died one day and went to heaven. And one day they wanted to go back to see their mother. So Jesus let them fly down on His cross. But they found their mother fast asleep, she was so tired out with crying because her little boys had died. That's what the picture shows you. I 'spect she woke up soon, and saw her little boys that had been turned into angels. The picture doesn't show you that, but I should think Jesus didn't let them go back to heaven without letting their mother wake up and see them."



"THE FIRELIGHT SHONE ON THE TWO LITTLE FACES."

This was Ralphie's interpretation of the picture of the vision of St. Helena which hangs in the National Gallery. Mrs. Clarke's house was in a small street scarcely a quarter of an hour's walk from Trafalgar-square, so Ralphie and Nellie often wandered to the "big gallery," as they called it, and spent many happy hours there, gazing and marvelling at the pictures. To Ralphie the pictures were of absorbing and entrancing interest, and many an odd, quaint fancy about them was lodged in his busy brain. The child had inherited his father's impressionable, imaginative artist nature. "How glad she must have been," went on Ralphie, "when she woke up and saw——"

Ralphie stopped. Mrs. Clarke had come



"MRS. CLARKE HAD COME HOME VERY TIRED."

home, heavily laden with parcels, very tired, and consequently very cross, so although they were very quiet and could not possibly have been in the way, snuggled up as they were in the armchair, Ralphie and Nellie were immediately dispatched to bed. They were able, however, to finish their talk about the picture while they undressed. Nellie shared her mother's bed, and Ralphie slept in a closet close by. They always left

their doors open, and talked while they got into bed, and sometimes for a long time after. To-night Ralphie would have continued to talk about the lady in the picture long after he and Nellie had nestled down in bed, but Nellie was tired, and fell asleep as soon as her little head touched the pillow.

Ralphie had a bad night. Sometimes he was burning hot, sometimes shivering with cold. He tossed about and muttered to himself, and it was very late before he fell asleep. In the morning when he awoke, there was a strange excitement in his eyes. He lay still a little while, his brain working strangely. Then he slipped out of bed, and went to Nellie's bedside. Mrs. Clarke had been up for some time, but little Nellie was still sleeping. A good shake soon aroused her.

"Nellie!" cried Ralphie, excitedly. "The lady in the picture woke up! She woke up and spoke to me! Nellie, let's go and see if it'll come true! She opened her eyes, and spoke to me! Let's go and see if it'll come true!"

He had much ado to make the bewildered Nellie understand what he wanted her to do—to get up there and then, and go with him to the National Gallery to see if the sleeping lady in the picture was awake! When Nellie did at last comprehend what was required of her she made no demur. She was accustomed to follow and obey Ralphie in everything, and was easily carried away by his excitement and eagerness.

The two children dressed and went quietly downstairs. Mrs. Clarke was busy in the kitchen, so they slipped out of the front door unobserved. Ralphie was weak and dizzy, but his excitement gave him strength, and he started off at a quick patter down the street, almost dragging Nellie with him. All the way he babbled strangely about the lady in the picture, and what she had said to him in his dream.

When they reached the Gallery, Ralphie found, to his keen disappointment, that the doors were not yet open. He had quite overlooked the fact that they did not open till ten o'clock. The clock of St. Martin's showed that it was now half-past eight.

It never occurred to Ralphie to go back, and the two children sat down in the porch to wait an hour and a half.

Ralphie's eyes, fixed with an intent look upon vacancy, grew ever more and more brilliant. Nellie, who had had no beautiful strange dream to make her forget everything else, began to feel cold and hungry. She listlessly drooped her little round head against a stone pillar, and wondered if Ralphie would really wait there till ten o'clock.

Big Ben struck the hour of nine, and St. Martin's chimed in a moment later.

Nellie was fast asleep. Ralphie sat in a waking dream with wide, unblinking eyes.

The hour passed, and Big Ben and St. Martin's proclaimed that it was ten o'clock.

The doors opened. Ralphie roused Nellie. They slipped in, and stole quickly up one of the stone flights of stairs.

Without a glance of recognition, Ralphie hurried past all his favourite pictures—the Madonnas and baby Christs; the man pierced with cruel arrows; the angel heads emerging from clouds; the lady with the wheel, her face upturned to heaven, and her beautiful dress of ruby and yellow, grey and green; the boy with the bushy hair and flying blue cloak running arm in arm with an angel, and with a fish dangling from one hand;—all these he almost ran past, never pausing until he reached the sleeping lady.

That sweet, weary, calm face of St. Helena, resting on her hand, had taken a great hold on Ralphie's heart. As he and Nellie stopped before the picture now, he clasped his hands together, and fixed his glittering blue eyes on St. Helena's face.

St. Helena was fast asleep.

"Won't you wake up, lady?" Ralphie began to whisper wistfully, "Won't you—?" The little limbs trembled and failed, a strange giddy feeling came into the poor little head, everything grew black, and Ralphie slid to the ground in a swoon.

Nellie screamed in terror, and threw herself down beside him. It filled her with an awful dread to see him lying so motionless and white. Frantically she pulled him by the hand, but he did not stir. She implored him to open his eyes, but he kept

them closed. Nellie sobbed in an agony of fear and desolation.

St. Helena slept on. Neither Ralphie's wistful appeal nor Nellie's wild sobs had pierced through her dreams.

But help was coming.

Olivia Ross had been out an hour ago on an errand of mercy. She was now walk-



"NELLIE WAS FAST ASLEEP."

ing slowly back to her lonely home, pondering over the sad scene she had just quitted, marvelling at the strange dealings of God with men.

Something in the pathetic story she had just listened to had reminded her of the fate of her young brother Ralph. Ten years ago Ralph, a dreamy, unpractical, talented boy, had turned his back on his home and on his wrathful, disappointed father to live by the Art his father despised and to make himself a name in the world as a painter. Since then there had been no word or sign from him. The wide world had engulfed him.

Olivia Ross was a sweet and tender-hearted woman. About her compassionate lips and on her serene brow there were traces of outlived sorrow. She had had much grief since Ralph, the brother she had loved so well, had gone away. The proud old father had died, not forgiving his son even at the last, and then Olivia, unable to live in the sorrow-haunted home,

had left it to come to London, there to expend her wealth and her compassion wherever she found need for it.

Her way this morning lay through Trafalgar-square. As she reached the National Gallery, some strong impulse made her turn and enter. She used to say afterwards that an angel must have taken her by the hand and led her in. The galleries seemed to be quite empty. She walked slowly from one room to another, stopping now and then to glance at a picture, but always drawn irresistibly on again.

Suddenly a child's terrified scream, break-

Olivia started. It was not Ralphie's words, but his beautiful eyes, that awoke a strange agitation within her.

"How like! How like!" she exclaimed wondering to herself, as she scanned the lines of Ralphie's face.

But this was no time for wonder and wild speculation. The exhausted condition of the little fellow demanded immediate relief. Learning from Nellie, who clung sobbing to her skirts, that the children's home was farther away than her own, she did not pause long to consider what she should do. Nellie was sent home to tell the story to her mother, and in a brief



"RALPHIE LAY UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR."

ing the stillness of the place, startled her. She hastened in the direction from which the sound had come, and was soon on the spot where Ralphie lay unconscious on the floor, Nellie crouched beside him.

"My poor little ones!" cried Olivia Ross, and in a moment she was lifting the prostrate child into her pitying arms.

Ralphie stirred and opened his eyes.

What a radiant smile it was that stole into his face as he looked up at the lady in whose arms he lay! It was as if some celestial vision had been granted him.

"You have woke up at last!" he whispered. "Woke up at last!" There was a cadence of perfect content in the feeble little voice, and for a moment the blue eyes shone out from the pallor of the child's face with a wonderful lustre and beauty.

time Ralphie was under Olivia Ross's roof with a doctor beside him.

Ralphie was very ill, said the doctor, but with extreme care there was hope of his recovery.

He had always kept but a frail hold on life, and now he had a hard struggle not to let go of it altogether. He lay in a state of semi-consciousness. Now and then he opened his eyes, and always that seraphic smile came into them when he saw the pitiful face of Olivia Ross bending over him. And Olivia smiled back at him, because she saw that it satisfied the child, but her heart was full of tears, and she yearned strangely towards him.

When Mrs. Clarke came, and when Olivia heard the story of Ralphie's parents, her heart nearly broke with mingled joy and pain. There was no doubt that little

Ralphie, to whose help she had been so wonderfully guided, was her own nephew, Ralph's child.

Ralphie did not die, Olivia could not let him die. She watched over him with tireless, ceaseless care, keeping hungry death at bay.

"You have woke up at last! Woke up at last!" Ralphie would murmur again and again.

And Olivia, because it soothed him, would answer softly as she stroked his brow with a tender hand, "Yes, I have woke up at last, little Ralph; I have woke up at last!"

To herself, thinking of her young brother's thwarted aspirations and unhappy fate, Olivia cried passionately:

"If he lives—and he must live—I will give him all that was denied to poor Ralph. If he loves Art as Ralph loved it, he shall have sympathy without stint. He shall study, and have the best of teachers. He shall travel, and see all that is best in Art in the world. He shall have

every opportunity of developing his talent. He shall be a great painter if it is in him to be one."

When Ralphie was at last free from his delusion, and was able to be told that the lady who had nursed him so pitifully and so lovingly through his illness was his own aunt, his wonder and rapture knew no bounds. It seemed strange at first to hear that he was never to go back to live with Nellie and Mrs. Clarke, and it was hard to part from them. But he was soon reconciled to the change. How could he help it, when it was so beautiful and happy a one? How could he help liking to be loved and cared for by so sweet and noble a lady as his aunt Olivia?

It need scarcely be added that Nellie and Mrs. Clarke were never forgotten, not even when little Ralphie had grown to man's estate, and had become a promising young painter, of whom it was confidently predicted that he would some day write R.A. after his name.



"YOU HAVE WOKE UP AT LAST."

# A NECDOTES

## OF THE WAR-PATH BY IRVING MONTAGU



### II.

AROTID arteries and jugular veins were of no more concern to

Mehemet Ben Ali than the laws of *Meum and Tuum*, yet he was true to the core when it served his own interests, and invaluable to us in the capacity of Postmaster-General when on the war-path in Asia Minor. The fact ~~was~~, Ben had had his critical eye on the messengers we sent to the rear with despatches for some considerable time, as recent experiences proved.

Not long since, our faithful Johannes, the driver of the ramshackle areba, or native cart, which contained our supplies, had been attacked when on a foraging expedition in quest of black bread, and very roughly treated. As a representative of English pashas, he was supposed to be a man of more substance than he turned out to be when his pockets were rifled by a detachment of four burly brigands who had been sent out by the wily Ben to intercept him. On his joining us, there could be little doubt that he really had suffered considerably at their hands, having been unmercifully cudgelled as a poverty-stricken knave who was not (happily for himself)

worth powder and shot. But is such treatment peculiar to semi-barbarous latitudes? Isn't it a crime in the most cultured centres to be "hard up"? Johannes combined the devotion of a Sancho Panza with the swash-bucklerism of a Falstaff; his unseen adventures were marvellous. When driving in advance, he had several times done prodigies of valour; just before our arrival, against great odds, too, to save our stores. He was generally sheathing his yatagan on our approach, and apparently in a state of considerable excitement. He was, however, honesty itself in its broadest sense, and the fact of his having returned on that particular occasion *sans* almost everything, and severely knocked about into the bargain, was sufficient evidence of the maltreatment he had received. No; mulching oneself into something like a jelly, is not a likely or pleasant way of producing evidence of an experience. Johannes had been an unmistakable victim.

We all liked him; he was a cheery soul, and generous to a fault—many faults, in fact, as one of our experiences proved. It happened in this way. We found him one morning in advance of our party, commiserating with a poor traveller who, weary and footsore, was leaning against a box-tree in a glade through which we were passing. He had already elicited from the poor wretch the rough story of his strange career, even to the fact that he was then returning by long and exhausting stages to his native village near Lake Van, which he hoped to reach before his aged kotona joined the houri.



What he feared most was brigands ; he was in a state of abject dread of them. He had one or two little things which he valued about him, and a small amount of money as well ; and, when we came up, he was imploring Johannes to intercede for him that he might be allowed to accompany us and enjoy the protection of our escort for such time as our way lay in his direction. Seven times a day would he kiss the hems of our garments if need be, to say nothing of prostrating himself each night before the setting sun to supplicate the blessings of Allah on the kindly pashas who had afforded him this much-coveted protection.

We were quite willing he should accompany us, and, moreover, gave him the additional advantage of riding in our areba.

He would "grovel in the sand to serve us"; he would remember when in Paradise (he seemed sure of his ethereal destination) the services we had rendered him, and perpetually sing our praises.

From the point of view of futurity, our wanderer had been a good investment, and we metaphorically patted each other on the back as good Samaritans. So it was that days and nights succeeded each other in which we received ample recompense in blessings for the protection we were affording. Five days had in all passed, and night had closed in, when our fellow traveller, having shared our frugal meal, as usual, and discussed equally, as usual, our post-prandial *café noir*, was smoking his last pipe before retiring to rest, when (my dragoman translating) he volunteered the following story :—

"Once upon a time, O mighty white Pashas," he began, with a delightful Oriental vagueness as to period, "once upon a time, there dwelt at Teheran a mighty monarch and a miserable mendicant. The monarch's wealth was abundant, and the eyes of his lovely daughter Myrrah were as lode-stars in the rays of which he basked. As far as this world's possessions were concerned he had nothing left to desire, yet was he the most miserable man in all Persia ; for in his youth he had violated (no matter how) the confidence of his best friend, and now old age was creeping upon him so rapidly that he feared insufficient time for repentance would be left him.

"Now, one day while riding in the vicinity of his palace, he noticed a starving mendi-

cant lying by the wayside, and he felt that in him Allah had afforded him an opportunity for doing good as a means by which to compensate for his youthful shortcomings.

"So he bade the beggar rise and follow him. Then for his rags were substituted fine raiment, and he not only showered upon him untold wealth, but made him even the highest officer in his royal household, his Grand Vizier.

"Now, what did that Grand Vizier do ? Did he sing the praises of his deliverer from cockcrow to sundown ?

"No, he did not ; he did nothing of the kind. He added to his obligations by falling desperately in love with the king's only daughter, the princess Myrrah, whose eyes, you will remember, were as lode-stars and whose complexion blended in one the beauties of the lily and the rose, and whose lips were 'ruddier than the cherry'; and he said unto her : 'Take of thy father's jewels and gold all thou canst secure, and I also will do the same, he has enough and to spare. And, when we have gathered together all that cometh within our reach, we will journey hence together while your royal father the king sleepeth, and none shall know whither.'

"And this, O pashas, in the dead of night they did, so that when the monarch awoke in the morning he found himself, not only robbed of his most valuable worldly possessions, but, above all, discovered himself to be childless.

" 'There is no gratitude in this world,' said the king. 'In striving by good deeds to erase bad ones, I have but proved that the ready-witted rogue is the winner in the long run.' "

This was the strange philosophy of the wanderer's story on which I pondered when, half an hour later, all others in the khan were wrapped in slumber.

At the first grey streak of dawn I awoke, and felt, as was my custom, in my waistcoat pocket for my watch, that I might time our uprising.

It was gone ! Not the waistcoat, but the watch. The chain had been nipped by a sharp instrument, many sovereigns too had been dexterously abstracted from my gold belt.

Several other correspondents had suffered somewhat similarly. An entry must have been made in the night. We all hoped the poor stranger with his small stock of hard-earned valuables, which he cherished

so dearly, had not suffered as well. No, he had not. The spot where he had disposed himself to rest the night before, in the language of the East, "knew him not."

It had been an exit, not an entry, after all. He had, in other words, made tracks, taking with him everything he could lay hands on. We had, in short, been done to a turn by an Asiatic sharper of the first water, and it was with sickly smiles that we concurred with the moral of his story of the night before—

"There is no gratitude in this world. Ready-witted rogues generally win in the long run."

Those abundant blessings had been a bad investment after all. The poor stranger would have made an able officer in the service of Mehemet Ben Ali.

The incident, however, which decided our future action with a view to keeping in touch with the base of operations in Fleet-street was the premature return of one of our messengers who had been sent by us with sketches and despatches to Erzeroum. The story he told was a simple one.

The leathern case in which he carried our pen and pencil contributions to the London press had attracted the notice of several brigands, who had followed him into a gloomy copse; and, having first beaten him, the invariable custom of those who are too humane to kill outright, they had bound him to a tree, a helpless witness to the examination of his effects.

The manuscripts had of course no interest for them, but the sketches delighted them immensely. They literally roared when they saw themselves as others saw them.

Having formed a hanging committee, they disposed of a batch of these drawings

on the surrounding forest trees. A sylvan exhibition of black and white sketches, to "a private view" of which they now left our scared servant.

Later on they returned, bringing with them many others, amongst whom they were ultimately divided with a general good humour which was so catching that they unanimously agreed to let the messenger who had been the innocent means of so much amusement go free, and thus it was that he had been able to again join us.

Happily for us, this discovery was made so early that it did not materially affect us, and served as a wholesome hint that, under certain circumstances, when not in touch

with the regular army, and sometimes even then, we must avail ourselves of the services of "our friend, the enemy," in other words of these very brigands themselves. Williams, my Levantine interpreter, was on all such critical occasions invaluable, and we now at once consulted him.

There were, he told us, many villages *en route* known by the natives to be chiefly occupied by desperadoes of the highway, whose propensities,

bloodthirsty enough when in the open, were mild and lamblike at home to all passing strangers who claimed their hospitalities. Once within the limits and your protection was assured till your departure, when, becoming again public property, you were attacked with all possible precipitancy, lest some other gang secured you who had not extended to you any hospitalities at all.

To one of several such remote villages I would refer. Our approach had evidently not been expected, or we should probably have been intercepted. We were in fact palavering with several of the villagers before the chief, or headman, of the place



A HANGING COMMITTEE.



was well aware of our arrival. He was a venerable rogue, with a merry twinkle in his eye; nature had designed him for a *very* low comedian, but, fate having ordained otherwise, he was the leading spirit of that little community of cut-throats.

The village, however, was "ours," and they, the inhabitants, were "our veriest slaves."

Immediately the women had been accommodated elsewhere, we should have "the best khan in the place." In vain did we protest that we wouldn't for the world disturb the ladies. They were bundled off *instantly*, and we were ushered, still on horseback, into a huge stable, one portion of which was divided off into stalls where

Having been supplied plentifully with youart (a sort of rank curds and whey) and pelaff (a concoction of rice and the fat obtained from the pendulous tails of Asiatic sheep), we wrapped ourselves snugly up in our many wraps, lit our pipes, and calmly awaited what "Kismet" had in store for us.

Presently the rude door of the place was thrown wide open and a chilly gust of wind careered through the khan, bearing with it a volume of smoke from our primitive fireplace to be circulated in a sort of sooty cloudland above the rafters, chimneys being unknown in this happy valley.

Was it a funeral procession, or what?

The measured tread of many feet was



AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

sheep, goats, oxen, and several very faded-looking horses were indiscriminately huddled together, while the smaller division of the place was devoted to the accommodation of poor humanity.

Several bewrinkled old hags, who were understood to be proof against our blandishments, had been allowed to remain to satisfy, later on, the curiosity of their fairer sisters.

The night was cold, and the wood fire which burned brightly in a convenient corner came as a welcome invitation to make ourselves as comfortable as we could under the circumstances, which, it is needless to say, we at once proceeded to do.

to be heard without: first a beturbaned native entered, who, walking majestically to where I was seated, presented me with much solemnity with a flint stone, upon which, salaaming, he left the khan, to be succeeded by another and yet another, till some twelve or fourteen villagers had thus paraded before us, each bringing unconsidered trifles as presents for the white pashas. Broken bits of rusty flint-locks, bunches of leaves, old horseshoes, anything, in short, to convey an impression of kindly welcome and suggest future bucksheesh.

These presentations were hardly concluded when the clatter of horses' hoofs outside suggested the return from one of

their raids of a small party of marauders who, the next moment, had ridden into the khan and dismounted. First and foremost amongst these was Mehemet-Ben Ali, whose glorious indifference with regard to carotid arteries and jugular veins was spoken of at the commencement of this article.

We joined the amused throng in the village later on, who gathered round those swarthy exhibitors of our effects, as they held up, one after another, our effects for inspection—a comb causing much amusement, its use, with that of a hair brush, requiring considerable explanation. I distinctly remember, too, a necktie, the band of which fastened with a patent clasp and an ominous click, which at once associated itself in their minds with the click of a pistol, and it was quite ludicrous to see how suddenly it was dropped by the first, and how carefully it was avoided by the rest of those who were examining the contents of our saddle bags. Soap, again, was more than once supposed to be eatable, and its use for washing purposes, when explained, was only half believed, its colour happening to be pink and white, suggesting to them some form of *Rahat Lakoum*, they evidently thought we were trying to save oursweetstuff. Everything, however, was returned to us, pilfering being only practised *without* the village lines, once having left which we were open to attack at any moment from our late entertainers, who now followed to waylay us.

I was so pleased with Mehemet Ben Ali's superior intelligence that I consulted Williams with a view to explaining to him our desire to keep up a direct communication with Erzeroum and thus with Trebizond on the coast, the latter part of the postal communication being covered by *Tatas*, or native footmen, generally some six or eight in number, who carry their letters and parcels in the saddlebags of the mules or horses they ride, and who are always accom-

panied by an armed escort of *zapteahs*. Thus, if once we could deposit our supplies of sketches and MS. with the British Consul at Erzeroum, all would go well.

It has been seen that ordinary messengers between the villages at which—when not sleeping in the open—we put up, and that place were invariably waylaid, so we further explained how utterly valueless to anyone, save our own people in England, were the despatches we sent; while, on the other hand, if we could once obtain an assurance of their safe delivery, we would reward Mehemet personally to a considerable extent, and he could pay his hirelings as he thought fit. Thus would he make

more by the transaction in a week than he would perhaps make by the uncertain profession of brigandage in six months.

Ready-witted Ben saw at a glance that in this case honesty was the best policy, and thus it was that, not only there, but elsewhere, we were able to keep up direct communication with the rear, which would have been otherwise impossible. Every short cut through the mountains was known to these fellows, who thus circumvented the regular troops who sometimes were despatched in small bodies in search of them. This they did

in the most marvellous way, always managing, through some intermediary, to get our literary and artistic contributions to the press by hook or by crook into the town, turning up a few days later with some unmistakable evidence of their delivery; then the Postmaster-General, as we dubbed Ben Ali, received the promised largess, the same system being made afterwards to apply, as I have said, with equal success elsewhere during such time as we were traversing that wild track of country intervening between Erzeroum and Kars, where we eventually joined the army of Ahmed Muckhtar Pasha.

The revolver they hold in special abhor-



BEN ALI.

rence, as containing the shafts of Sheitan—the devil's bolts—since, from their point of view, it goes off without loading. We never failed to show these easily-deluded creatures the repeating qualities of our weapons, never, of course, letting them see us load them.

I remember one occasion on which for their edification I proposed that a bottle should be put up and smashed by us at a fairly long pistol range, each correspondent firing six shots. I fired first. I emptied my revolver without—I blush to confess it—going within measurable distance of that bottle; it had, indeed, been a most unfortunate suggestion on my part. Utterly disgusted at my failure, *The Manchester Guardian*, an excellent revolver shot as a rule, took up his position. He failed

now, as utterly and ignominiously as I had done. *The Scotsman* came next, with no better result. At this moment a lanky Circassian, who had been looking on, inquired mildly what the great white pashas were trying to do; and, when it was explained that they had intended hitting that bottle, he expressed himself as wonderstruck, picked up a stone, and, certainly with a force and precision I never witnessed before, or since, he smashed that bottle to smithereens.

We did no more revolver practice in that village. Small matters have sometimes weighty significance, as instanced on another occasion, a delightfully calm evening, when we were steaming from Constantinople across the placid waters of the Sea of Marmora towards Brindisi. It was some months after our Anatolian experiences recorded above.

\* \* \*

Did I ever suffer from palpitation of the heart? Why, who could help it who has spent more than a week in Spain. She

certainly "takes a side glance and looks down, beware!" but then, at the same time, to have basked in the sunny smiles of Spanish beauty is to have enjoyed a glimpse of Paradise and the Peri.

In any other country, war would have crushed, at least for the moment, the spirit of love; not so, however, during the Spanish campaign. I assure you that in San Sebastian, where I was during the siege of that place by the Carlists, the Alemada, or chief boulevard, was the scene every evening of the wildest gaiety. Staid duennas with patronising air enjoying the gambols of their younger sisters to the full, as much as those accomplished fan-flirters did themselves, while the wild Fandango, the graceful Bolero, and seductive waltz won over by turns the hearts of



"FLIRTING THAT FAN OF HERS."

all the male on-lookers.

Night after night have I watched my own particular Dulcinea del Toboso—or rather of San Sebastian in this case—flirt her fan and frolic on the light fantastic toe till I swore solemnly never again to visit the Peninsula, without having learnt to conjugate the verb to love in Spanish.

I recall, too, how I once nearly lost my heart and my balance at one and the same moment when in the Basque frontier town of Irun—it was during the siege of that place also that I happened to be there. It was evening. A typical Spanish damsel was crossing the Plaza, her mantilla gracefully wrapped about her shoulders; she was flirting that fan of hers as Spanish women alone know how, and cast so bewitching a glance in my direction as she passed that I confess I was—well—To continue, she was presently joined by several female friends, who, notwithstanding the fusillade which was going on from the roof of the great square tower of the cathedral, and the occasional bursting of a shell on the out-

skirts (a deadly messenger from the Carlist fort of St. Marcial, on the heights), were as light-hearted and frolicsome as if they were going to a *fête de nuit*—on, on they came again in my direction.

I had eyes only for one—and she evidently knew it. Oh, the exquisite delight of that moment! Twilight was closing in, yet I presently noted that “the queen of my heart” was followed by an uncanny reptile, she was evidently quite unconscious of its pursuit of her; with unwieldy leaps and bounds whichever way she turned it dogged her footsteps.

Now I have the greatest repugnance to anything of the insect or reptile kind, yet I had manifestly only one course to pursue now; besides, what a happy—may I say heroic?—medium for introduction thus presented itself.

I rushed at the grim, black, lizard-like beast. Twice did it dexterously evade the foot which would have crushed it. The third time, however, I was more fortunate, the full force of my heel had come down on the agile creature, and there was at the same time a curious feeling that it had been severed from the skirt to which it had been clinging tooth and nail. The little party stopped, and the lady of my particular choice with a look of amazement exclaimed, “Señor!”

I hastily explained in French, which

happily that lady understood. I pointed to the dead animal at my feet, raised my hat, and smiled triumphantly.

Then, turning to her friends, she pointed at it too, and all united in roars of laughter at my expense, intermingled with loud shouts of “*El drap! El drap!*”

The fact was it was a well-known Spanish practical joke by which the uninitiated are led to suppose that a cleverly cut piece of cloth attached to a girl's skirts and twitched into action by her as she walks is a reptile of

dangerous proportions. Who shall say that *men* were “gay deceivers ever” after that?

\* \* \*

It has not been given to many to make pen and pencil notes of the ladies of a Pasha's harem, yet twice when in Asia Minor did I come across them as fugitives hastening on before the Russian advance. On the first occasion the impression conveyed was that of a travelling menagerie, so closely were those fair ones packed in a long gilded diligence-like conveyance, the sides of which were closely latticed, while the Pasha—at other times no doubt “a lion amongst the ladies”—was



HAREM ON THE MARCH.

now at large, riding sedately at the rear.

My second was the experience of which I make a pencil note in this article, and which struck me as far the most characteristic of the two.

A handsome bronzed Asiatic Turk, not having evidently had time to make all necessary arrangements for flight, had accommodated his seven wives as best he could; two had secured the shelter of a latticed sedan chair, while the others, alternating between horse and camel-back, adapted themselves to the situation as best they could; indeed, those in the sedan alighted from time to time when a halt was made, and it was then the distinctive positions of those wives in relation to that Pasha were most noticeable. Of the seven, four were really more or less attendants on the remaining three, while the actual favourite, the wife of wives, the queen of the harem, held amongst these three a distinctive position. She was generally the happy possessor of a French parasol. I don't mean to infer that this is the distinguishing badge of an Oriental favourite, but when, in far-off up-country villages and small townships, the local Kiamakans and others can secure one of those much-coveted Parisian or Viennese sunshades, it becomes as a matter of right the property of her who takes first *rôle* in the Pasha's household.

When I came across the little group which forms the subject of my illustration, they were halting for refreshment; the Pasha calmly smoking his mid-day nargilé and sipping black coffee, while his wives were refreshing themselves with sweetmeats.

I couldn't help noticing, as far as good taste in personal appearance was concerned, that Pasha's choice of a favourite; her yashmack, much more gauzy than the rest, revealing most charming features, while her figure, judging from the folds of her voluminous draperies, was of perfect contour.

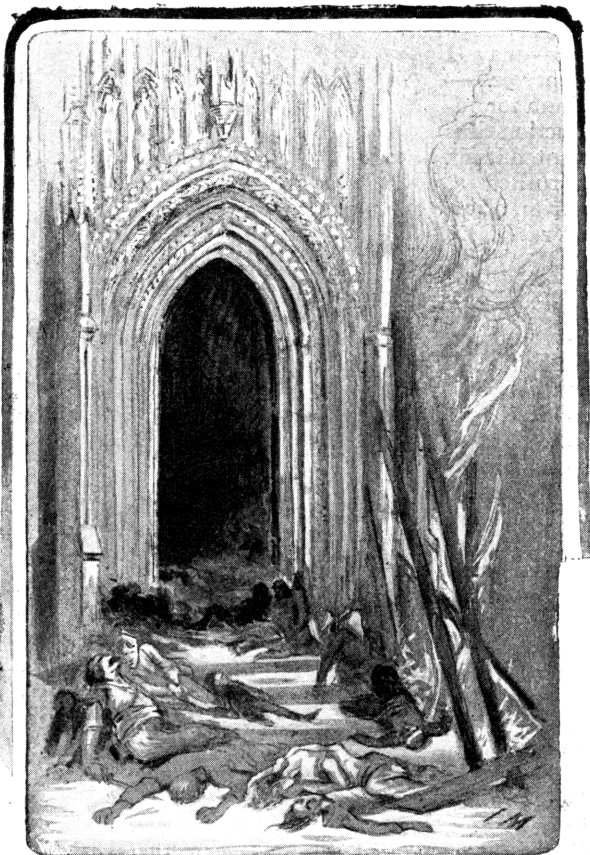
Fate, apparently, had no horrors for this much-married magnate: perhaps, when he looked around, and his wives, with one accord, said, or seemed to suggest: "We are seven, to say nothing of our retainers, together with our dogs, cats, and parrots," he felt that he was beyond its reach. He was the very embodiment of philo-

sophy, as he stood there calmly surveying his surroundings, lazily smoking his sweet-scented nargilé; it takes a good deal to rouse the average Turk to action, but when his blood is up, he's a demon. This Pasha will however retreat leisurely, till he touches the coast, when, with all his impedimenta round about him, he will make his way in the first available ship to Constantinople—at least, so he hopes—Kismet!

\* \* \*

Whistler's butterfly, whose flutterings are represented by the splutterings from that eccentric artist-author's pen, would find happy hunting-grounds on these pages, where incident follows incident regardless of place or period. Thus would I now ask you to return with me for the nonce to Spain, that we may indulge together in more impressions by the way.

Under certain circumstances there is something singularly eloquent about absolute silence. I have, on several occasions in my wandering career, been infinitely



SANCTUARY.



more impressed by it than by noisy demonstration. Look up at that massive Gothic tower, standing out as black as approaching night against a saffron sky ; it's the cathedral of Irun, in the erst market-place of which we are standing—shambles had been a better name for it since the commencement of this civil war. Hush ! there is an appalling silence over all to-night, which may not be rudely broken.

There is no evidence of movement anywhere. Accustoming one's eyes to the deepening twilight, one certainly sees here and there groups of men, women, and, in some cases, children huddled together in strange attitudes and gloomy corners round about the dark entry to the cathedral—horror depicted on the faces of some, perfect serenity on those of others, yet never a word do they utter. They are "in the garden of sleep." They are dead, all dead, the market-place, after a hard day's fighting, being deserted by the living—all save you and

I, and that spectre-like sentry yonder on the cathedral tower "on guard."

But the gloom is suddenly relieved by a ray of many-coloured light which comes through one of the cathedral windows. This is succeeded by another, and yet another.

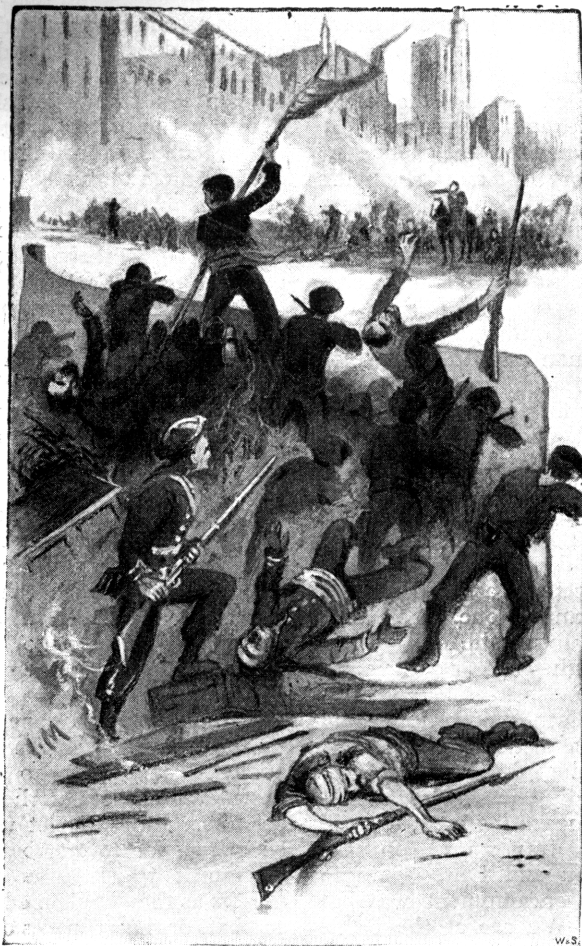
The priests within are lighting up the altar, and a flood of prismatic brilliance mingles with the smoke from burning

embers and the still night air without, save where the old pile faces the Carlist lines, in which direction the windows have been carefully barricaded, so as not to attract the enemy's shell fire. Hark ! sweet and low the organ peals forth exquisite strains of music ; while, now and again, Dong ! and a sonorous metallic voice from the belfry invites the stricken ones to sanctuary.

A company of Migueletes, with slow, measured tread, emerge from a neighbouring street, and, directing their steps towards the cathedral, are followed by a miscellaneous crowd, all hastening for the protection of Mother Church. Dong ! Again that bell, so full of solemn warning.

Look ! What are they carrying on that splintered door, which serves as a stretcher ? Let us reverently lift the cloak which half conceals a human form. It is a young officer, evidently dying, to whom the last rites are about to be administered. Not a word is spoken as the regimental favourite is

tenderly carried by his comrades to the altar. Crucifix in hand, the officiating priest affords this suppliant for pardon the spiritual assurances he most needs. Raising himself on one arm, he looks first this way, then that, as if uncertain as to what is going on around him ; and then, realising it all, he sinks back, with a restful, satisfied smile on his young face. He is dead ! The regimental surgeon, who happens to be



THE IRON SHIELD.

present, certifies it. "Those whom the gods love die young."

The procession moves on just as another similar one takes its place at the altar steps. And all this to the running accompaniment, now of the clank of arms; the continuous strains, still soft and low, of organ music; the occasional irregular rattle of musketry when the pickets are exchanging shots; and again the measured, muffled, periodical Dong! of that passing bell.

This is no fancy picture: I saw and heard it more than once when on the war-path; but yet, as I have said, the silence which preceded or succeeded events was often more eloquent than events themselves. At Hernani, near Oreamendez, the tolling of sanctuary came across hill and dale with ominous significance, which made the intervening silence doubly terrible; while in remote, unexpected places, up in the hills perhaps, it was not unusual to come across just such a scene as the one I have depicted—a beautiful Gothic setting to a monument of inhuman passion. The eloquence of silence at such times is indeed impressive, and may fitly contrast with the incident on the title-page of this article. A long line of Bedouins, shouting, yelling to their camels, "Ider! Ider! Ider!" have come at a swinging pace between myself and the setting sun. From a certain point of view, the wild devilry of the whole thing cannot be excelled: as a picture of weird activity it stands alone. Yet a few hours later, when under the still, starlit canopy of heaven they are reposing by their exhausted camels, wrapped in the silence of sleep, a crescent moon glimmering over the crest of the distant uplands, one feels infinitely more impressed than before.

\* \* \*

All things are comparative in this world—finding ourselves transported on the wings of fancy—you and I are again in Spain. That Arab encampment was but a dissolving view. We are at the battle of Behobie, on the Franco-Spanish frontier. As will be seen by the illustration, that which at a first glance looks not unlike a huge Gladstone collar is, as a matter of fact, an immense iron shield which the Carllists used on several occasions with signal effect. Oh! the rattle of the musketry against that barrier, which, as the fighting progressed, was moved forward on cross-beams and rollers, while behind it all the securable furniture and débris were piled up, so as to give vantage points to those of

the defending party who had been unable to secure holes for the muzzles of their rifles, apertures with which this novel defence was plentifully studded.

Just as love laughs at locksmiths because he penetrates everywhere, so could the Carlists laugh at the enemy whose bullets in harmless confusion rattled against that iron shield, save when the more adventurous exposed themselves above it.

\* \* \*

It is astonishing what the association of ideas will do. In jotting down my pen and pencil notes for this article I must not omit to refer to a strange Jewish encampment at Zimnitza, the particular attraction of which was a circus of considerable proportions under a huge umbrella tent. Zimnitza, it will be remembered, is situated on the banks of the Danube, just where, in 1877, the Russians threw their magnificent bridge of boats across that river.

Here, just at the rear of the fighting, as it were, were speculative Jews—and Gentiles, too—making hay while the sun shone. Almost everything which money could buy was obtainable in this canvas village. Holes dug deep into the ground were canvassed over and dubbed by such high-sounding titles as the Hôtel de la Reine Hortense, Grand Hôtel de la Guerre, and so on, while that great circular curriculum was an unfailing attraction when night closed in.

Here Mr. Merryman, dressed *à la grand Turk*, was master of the ceremonies; here, too, marvellous feats of horsemanship on piebald and spotted screws were performed; Mademoiselle Elise dancing with exquisite skill on the tight-rope, while tumblers tumbled to the delight of a well-packed audience of those who could afford the exorbitant charges of the speculative proprietors. Indeed, "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seemed the spirit which infused those Russian officers as they applauded the antics of the acrobats or the grimaces of Mr. Merryman; in fact, it was difficult to realise that, once across that bridge of boats yonder, glittering when lit up after dark like a chain of diamonds, you would be in touch, as it were, with what was hourly becoming one of the hardest contested military positions of modern warfare.

There is a gaiety about Tommy Atkins at the front, no matter what his nationality be, which is truly marvellous.

"Furnished" and "unfurnished" apartments, too, were obtainable here—at a

price. Their construction was delightfully simple. Unfurnished accommodation was represented by a hole bearing a striking resemblance to a grave covered in at the top with lightly interwoven branches—the snow did the rest. On the other hand, a furnished apartment had boards thrown down at the bottom, on which a quantity of straw was placed, to which, for the convenience of the sleeper, a short ladder was sometimes added, that he might not, like his "unfurnished" neighbour, have to jump too precipitously into bed. There were many such on the Bulgarian side of the river, too. I well remember taking one of these (furnished) myself one night, and when I questioned the price, which was thirty francs, I was assured that on the previous night—true, it was snowing at the time—a brigadier had cheerfully handed over thirty-six francs for the same accommodation.

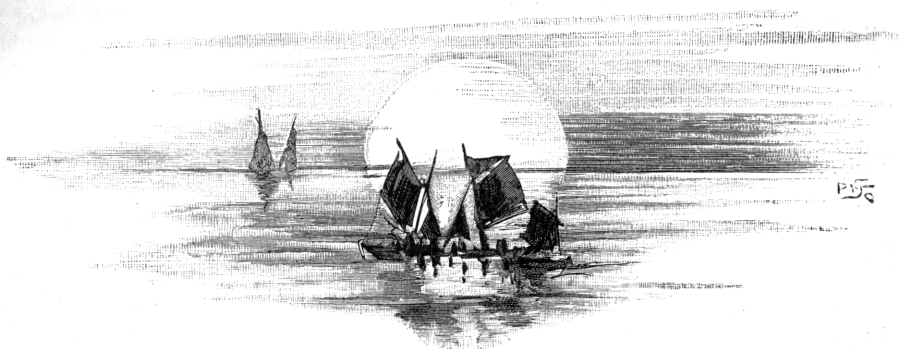
The quick and the dead in turn, in many cases, occupied these queer quarters; since, when there was no further use for

them as far as the living were concerned, they were often used for purposes of interment.

Thus will it be seen from these anecdotes of the war-path that the "special" must be no feather-bed soldier or carpet knight who would represent the Press at the front.

Compared with many, I have been myself most fortunate, yet even I have had fevers, small-pox, and two sunstrokes, to say nothing of imprisonment as a spy, hair-breadth 'scapes, and other such minor matters to contend with.

Of my brethren of the pen and pencil I might say much, not only as far as their services to the Press have been concerned, but their services to humanity as well, when—in quest of incident—they have been at the front with the Red Cross. As I write, such distinguished men as Archibald Forbes, Fred Villiers, O'Donovan, McGahan, Christie Murray, and many others, naturally present themselves as amongst those who have already "left their footprints on the sands of time."



A DEATH'S HEAD.  
(Curious effect seen on the Sea of Marmora.)



## Why He Failed.

**H**E threw away a great chance of success, and has been a happier man ever since.

There is no one but myself in England now, who knows exactly how it happened, and as I was thinking over it to-night (something in the papers about a clever detective in New York brought it all fresh back to my mind) it seemed to me such a queer story altogether that I think it will interest others to know it.

I must just alter one or two of the names, that's all, because it is not so very long ago since it happened, and it came out in one or two papers at the time, but all more or less wide of the mark. None of them had just the rights of it.

You see, no one could make out how Allan got away so easily—no one knows except my friend and I, and one man over the seas, and not even the cutest Yankee could ever guess the truth.

It is stranger than fiction, as you will find. But this is the story.

I put it short enough, for writing is not in my line. I can think things out in my head, and turn them over and over, till there is not much left of them that has not been put through the sieve, so to speak, but when it comes to pen and ink I'm a poor hand. It means sitting down indoors for hours, and that I am not used to. No, thank Heaven, I can earn my bread by something else, or very little bread would come to me, and no chance of butter or cheese.

This is not my story at all; I mean, not about my own life. It is about a friend of mine, George Markson.

If I told you his real name, you would probably remember at once; he was one of the best known detectives of that time. Talk about five senses, George had ten at least. He could see round a case, and through a man, and into your mind almost, and tell you what you were thinking of, better than you knew yourself.

And all so quiet—you would not think he saw much, but he had seen everything at a glance, and forgotten nothing. I have known him look into a room that he had never seen before, and in the evening, when we were sitting together, he would describe that room, down to the maker's name on the clock, as minutely as if he were holding a picture of it in his hand at the time.

He worked on his own account, and he had constant and well paid employment, since the day he tracked the man who robbed the bank of Westminster; you may remember the case—a daring daylight robbery.

He traced him after a long search to Paris, and spotted him there as a garçon in a café—a good disguise too. George was in Spain after that for a long time, and then went to Cairo, so I did not see him for more than a year. He came back with a reputation more brilliant than ever, and settled down into the same rooms he had shared with me before he left.

He was a middle-aged man when I knew him, and the severe mental strain of his employment, together with home troubles, made him seem older than he was.



"A GOOD DISGUISE TOO."

His wife, to whom he had been much attached, had died many years before. His only son, too, had turned out badly, got into debt (the old story of a weak will influenced by bad companions), and then had emigrated to the gold diggings, and was believed to have died there, after a few more wasted years of riot and dissipation.

His father had built many hopes on his only son, and carried about an unhealed wound caused by the bitter disappointment of all his expectations.

At the time I am writing about, I saw there was something more than usual on George's mind.

He never talked much about what he was engaged in, and I took care never to plague him with questions, but it happened that a chum of mine, named Miles, told me that George had missed a good clue, and that another man, named Smollett, was beginning to make a name, and was now bent on outdoing George.

Once run to earth someone whom George had failed to trace, and his reputation was secure.

To outshine one of the best men then at work was a high game to try for, but Smollett was trying no less.

Not long after, I met Miles again in Oxford-street. He told me that Smollett had scored again, and that George had missed a find he had made pretty sure of.

I pooh-poohed the whole thing.

"Chance, all chance. Fine thing for Smollett, more luck than good management, no doubt," I said, feeling rather nettled, I own. "Wait a bit; you will see which is the best man of the two."

"I'll back Sm—" said Miles, but he remembered that George was my friend and said no more.

I came across Miles in very nearly the same place next day. "Heard the latest?"

he shouted, and then proceeded to explain that a forger, who had been wanted for some time, was supposed to be in London, and that a large reward was offered for him.

"Both on the war trail this time," said Miles. "Which will be the best man now, eh? Getting exciting, isn't it?"

That evening George, who had been out all day, came quickly into the room soon after six.

I knew by his look that he was employed on some important mission. His brows were drawn down into a single straight line, and his lips were firmly pressed together.

He stood for some time on the hearth-rug, evidently deep in thought. He had not removed his top coat.

"Are you off again?" I remarked.

He looked up suddenly. "Going to drive to Holloway," he said. "Will you come?"

I knew by this that he would tell me more of his errand. I rose at once. He looked at his watch.

"The cab will be round here in a few minutes," he said quickly. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom, if I miss this, I shall give up this work altogether. I have not been very lucky lately, old man, though I have not worried you about my affairs."

"They never worry me," I began, "I only wish you——"

"I know, I know," he interrupted kindly; "you think your back is broad enough to carry my cares as

well as yours, but you shall never have mine to bother you, Tom, while you have got any of your own. This is the thing you have heard of"—and then he went on to tell me the details of the case that Miles had referred to.

"I came across the track this afternoon," he said, "and now it's only a question of time."



"HE STOOD FOR SOME TIME DEEP IN THOUGHT."

He drew a deep breath of relief, and threw his shoulders back. "I *did* make a mess of that last thing, and that makes me more keen about this. You see, there's another man" (I knew he meant Smollett) "who would give a good bit to get hold of this job before me, but there's not much fear of my losing it now."

He smiled as he spoke, and looked more hopeful than he had done for a long time.

We said nothing more, and drove off.

It was a wet, cold night, and I was glad when the cab stopped, and we left it at the corner of a shabby-looking side street.

"Third door on the right," said George, partly to himself, "past the coal yard, over the butcher's. You wait here for two minutes, Tom; if I am not down then, you follow me. Back room on the top of staircase. I may want you. Don't stand in the wet. Here's a doorway to shelter in."

At the end of two minutes, I was climbing quietly up the narrow dark staircase. No sound of voices anywhere.

"Bird's flown. Bad luck to him," I thought. "Awfully hard on George, poor fellow."

I was at the top when suddenly there came the sound (so seldom heard) of a man's voice broken by sobs, striving to speak quickly and coherently.

"Ah! found it's no go, confessing his sins," I smiled to myself, and pushed the door ajar.

Ah! how could I have known George's voice, always so quiet, so self-controlled? How could I recognise George himself, kneeling on the floor, by the side of a poor, miserable bed, holding in his arms the figure of a man. A head was resting on his shoulder; his hands were smoothing back the dark hair from a thin, white face on which his own tears were fast falling.

"Come, my boy, no time to lose. You know me? Bob dear, quick, say you know me—your father, Bob, it's only your father; you must get out of this, no one knows but

me, Bob, no one will know, no one will follow you—quick, quick." And with a sob in his throat, he turned round and saw me.

He had forgotten my existence, but now seemed to think that I knew everything.

No explanation that this was his lost son, whom he had tracked to earth, and whose discovery was to bring him so much credit. No thought of the object for which he had come. The detective was not there; in his place stood a broken-hearted father, with but one thought in his mind, how best to get his unhappy son out of the reach of the law which had so nearly caught him.

"Come," he cried, in a hoarse whisper to me, "help him to stand, he is weak; we must arrange for him."

I had looked round the place. The squalid poverty of the uncleaned room, the well-worn pack of cards lying on the chair by the bed, the empty bottle on the other side, and the stale smell of spirits and tobacco in the



"HOLDING IN HIS ARMS THE FIGURE OF A MAN."

room all told the same tale, and bore silent but unmistakable witness to the com-

plete mastery of evil habits.

But of all this George seemed to see nothing.

The sharp-searching scrutiny of the detective had given place to the loving look of a father, to whom all forgiveness was possible.

With hasty hands he had taken off his hat, greatcoat, and scarf, and was now hurriedly putting them on the figure, who offered no help, and who seemed too dazed and bewildered to speak.

"Here is money, my boy," he whispered

in a husky voice ; " it is all I have now, but you shall have more ; and here, take care of this," hurriedly writing a few words upon a scrap of paper. " See, I put it in the breast pocket with the purse. It is the name of a house at Liverpool. Stay there till you hear from me, and then you shall get right away from this. There is a cab waiting at the corner ; tell him to drive to the nearest station. You follow me, Bob, you understand what I have said ? The money is here in this pocket. Now quick ! if anyone—" I read the thought in his heart. What if someone

endearment and caution, George watched the unsteady figure descend the steps, and listened with strained ears until he caught the sound of wheels driving rapidly away.

We waited for what seemed to me a long, long time, in a silence which I dared not break. And then we went out into the wet and deserted street.

We stopped at the corner where the cab had waited ; and I watched my friend as he stood under the gas-lamp, looking out into the darkness with a far-away look in his eyes, not knowing, or at least not heeding, that the rain was beating upon his uncovered head.

There is a better smile on his face now, than the smile he wore early in the evening at the thought of his coming success. His reputation would suffer greatly, beyond doubt, but what is that to him ?

He stands there a defeated—and a happy man.

I always meet Miles when I want to keep out of his way. So I was not surprised to come across him next day, walking by the Horse Guards.

" Ha, ha ! " he shouted boisterously, before we had well met. " Queer go, wasn't it ? What was ? You haven't heard from Markson ? Oh, of course, he would be as mute as a fish. Hard lines on him, too, when he had got the whole thing as neat as could be. Went to the very house yesterday where Allan was. The man at the

pub. saw him go into the house. Ha ! ha ! what does my lord Allan do ? Awfully sharp fellow ! lets himself down by a rope out of the back window, and goes off in Markson's own cab—not bad, ha ! ha ! ha ! Markson rushed after him too late. Smollett is furious that he was just out of it. He found out where Allan was hiding, and came on the scene a day behind



" HE SEEMED TOO DAZED TO SPEAK."

had come on the clue which had helped him, and should be already on the way. Is that a foot on the stair ? No, all is quiet.

" Now go, I dare not go with you. Do not lose a moment. Downstairs, and then to the left. Tell him to drive fast. God bless you, Bob ; " and following him to the head of the stair with broken utterances of

the fair. Pity he did not get the chance. He'd have nailed him. Everyone says that Markson has made an awful mull of it, and now the fellow has got clean away, no one knows where. Who's the best

man now? You can't say much for your side, Tom."

As I watched him stride away towards the park, I thought: "Yes, but thank God, Smollett did *not* get the chance."





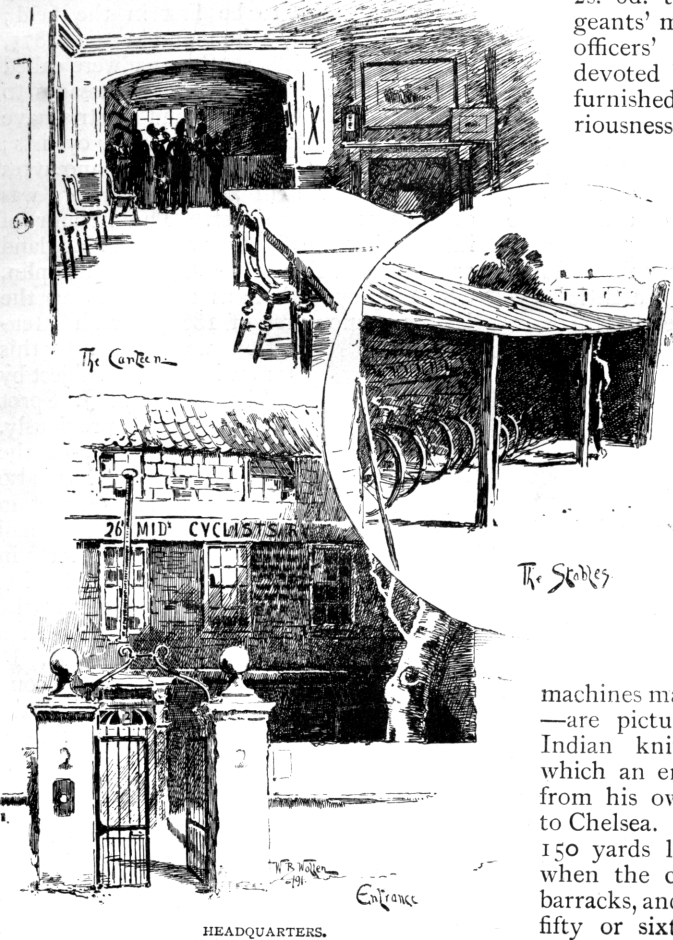
## *A Regiment on Wheels.*

**T**HERE is a house in the Queen's-road, Chelsea, which is not without its history. It stands exactly opposite Chelsea Hospital, and there was a time when gay cavaliers of Charles II.'s reign frequented it, for in those merry days its first bricks were laid. On the top floor a small apartment is still to be seen, in the door of which is a small sliding opening capable of admitting the entrance and exit of a head. Not for decapitation, for tradition says that here stood the fashionable hairdresser, whilst handsome lords and fair ladies placed their heads through the aperture to have their wigs powdered and prevent the spoiling of

their silks and velvets. Here, too, cells with iron gratings in the doors may be found. In 1820 the house was converted into a school of discipline, and so it remained until March of last year, when our regiment on wheels brought with them their iron steeds and transformed it into their "head-quarters." Its solid mahogany doors and ornamented marble mantelpieces remain as they were in the days of old—its gateway is intact, and probably the same fine trees are flourishing, but outside in unmistakable capitals is written, "Headquarters, 26th Midx. Cyclists," with a substantial flag-staff visible. Its fifteen or sixteen rooms now comprise an armoury, with its repairing bench, arm stands, and innumerable lockers,

which are leased at a yearly rental of 2s. 6d. to the members. The sergeants' mess is a cosy abode, and the officers' room—to which a corner devoted to smoking is attached—is furnished in a style approaching luxuriousness, with basket and velvet pile chairs. There is an excellent lecture-room, various offices, and the all-important canteen, the speciality of which are its pork pies and sausage rolls, dear to the heart and soothing to the appetite of all average cyclists. Round its walls are many a fine military picture—"Floreat Etona" and "The Last Eleven at Maiwand," "General Roberts" and "Lord Wolseley," the "Queen" and the "Prince of Wales." There, too—possibly as a reminder to cyclists of the distant climes to which their

machines may yet travel on active service—are picturesquely arranged assegais, Indian knives, and Burmese drums, which an enthusiastic cyclist took down from his own bedroom and transported to Chelsea. Look into the garden, some 150 yards long, where drills are held when the corps is not at the Guards' barracks, and peep in at the stable, where fifty or sixty machines may be easily



HEADQUARTERS.

accommodated. Such are the headquarters of the only volunteer regiment on wheels in the country—the pioneer corps amongst all volunteers.

We are not unmindful of the useful work of our cyclists amongst the regulars. They are a goodly body, and at Aldershot a re-

time I was in India during the Mutiny, I do not remember—except when actually in the hills for three or four days' fighting—I do not remember one day's march, or any one fight in which we took part, where cyclists could not have been used with the greatest possible advantage"—we are in-

clined to single out this regiment on wheels—the 26th Middlesex—who started with a handful of men as recently as April 1, 1888, and whose work cannot but prove highly interesting to the 800,000 cyclists throughout Great Britain.

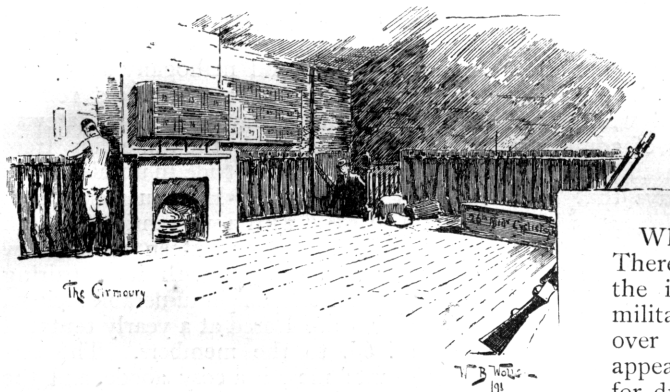
Who suggested military cycling?

There can be very little doubt that the idea of utilising wheels for military purposes has been brought over from the Continent. Italy appears to be first in the field; for, during the manœuvres of 1875,

a service of cyclists at Somma were called into requisition for carrying messages to and fro. Both Germany and Austria have also found work for the military cyclists; and, during the French autumn manœuvres of 1886, their skill as letter carriers was again put to the test. The honour of introducing the fighting cyclist in England apparently belongs to Colonel Tamplin, who employed them as scouts during the Easter manœuvres of 1885, though atten-

tion was drawn to this now important subject by Lieut.-General J. Sprot four years previously. Colonel Stracey, of the Scots Guards, has also taken a great interest in this matter. We shall probably be correct in saying that no one has done more to popularise the movement than Lieut.-Colonel A. R. Savile, who is the commanding officer of the regiment on wheels.

Lieut.-Colonel Savile is himself a thorough soldier, and is generally considered to be a thorough tactician, and an excellent cyclist. He joined the Royal Irish in 1863, soldiered up to 1888, when

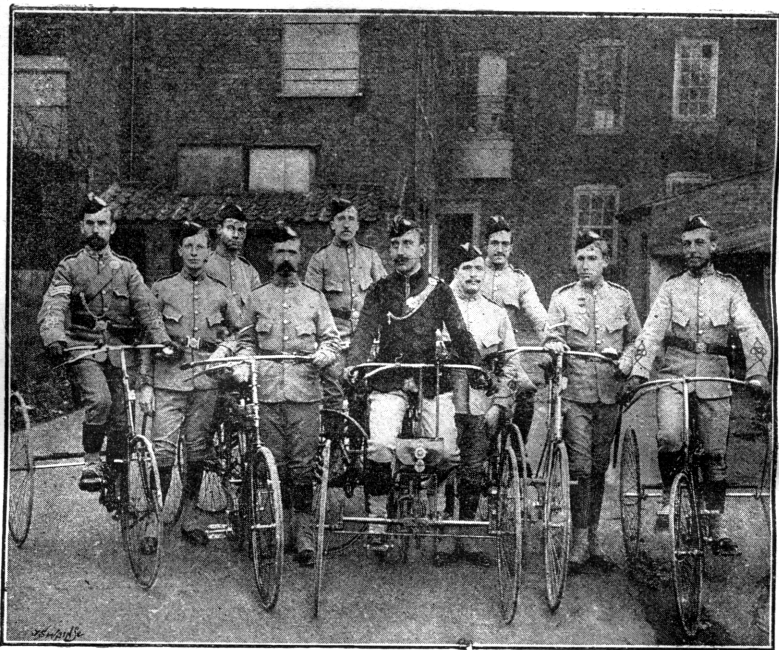


markable multicycle called a "Victoria" may be seen, capable of carrying a dozen riders, and conveying provisions and ammunition, &c. Neither do we forget that to-day amongst all the volunteer battalions throughout the kingdom nearly every one of them has a cyclist section attached to it, amounting in all to some 5,100 men, credit going to "The Artists" for holding the riding record. Twelve "artistic" cyclists, under command of Sergeant Dixon, last year rode a distance of 102 miles in 16 hours 55 minutes, fully armed, and out of this time they were forced to halt for five hours owing to an accident, making the actual riding time a trifle over the twelve hours.

But, seeing that Sir Evelyn Wood has expressed the opinion that Parliament could not make a mistake in sanctioning the raising of at least 20,000 volunteer cyclists, and Lord Wolseley has shown himself so strongly in favour of them—to quote his speech, he said: "There are very few countries in the world where you cannot use cycles. During the whole



LIEUT.-COLONEL SAVILE.



From a Photo. by]

PRIZE WINNERS : DRILL COMPETITION.

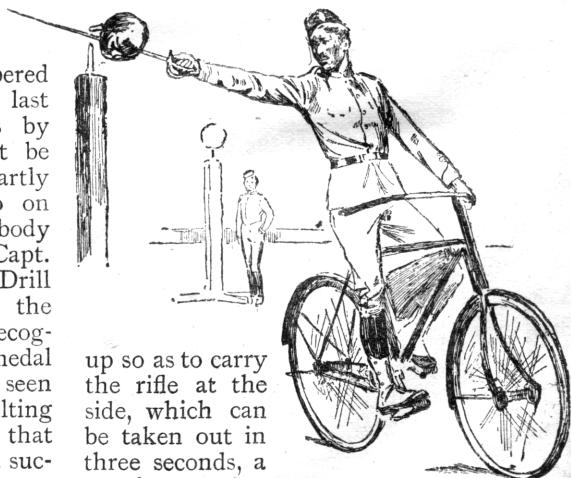
[R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

he retired, but before six weeks were up, owing to his love of soldiering and cycling, he found himself a member of the 26th Middlesex, which regiment he now commands.

The full strength of the 26th Middlesex Cyclists Corps is a hundred and twenty—there being two companies, one in the South of London, the other in the West—and already they contemplate starting a fresh corps in the North of London. Many people are, no doubt, sceptical as to what this very formidable body are capable of in the way of useful work. Possibly it may be remembered that, at the Military Exhibition held last year, they showed their capabilities by performing a number of what might be termed fancy feats on the cycle, as smartly and successfully as our regulars do on horseback. We give a picture of the body of men who, under the command of Capt. Phillips, gained the first prize in the Drill Competition, whilst the abilities of the members composing the team were recognised by the presentation of a silver medal to each one of them. Those who have seen the lemon-cutting, tent-pegging, and tilting at the ring may be interested to know that the cyclist, in order to bring about a successful operation, found it necessary to

ride his machine at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The lemon was suspended by a single wire, and, on approaching it, the cyclist, whilst going at this high rate of speed, had to guide his machine with the left hand, whilst he slashed out at the fruit with his right.

A word about the machines used. All sorts and conditions of safety bicycles are called into requisition. The ordinary bicycle is never used. They are fitted



up so as to carry the rifle at the side, which can be taken out in three seconds, a pouch carrying

HEAD AND POST.

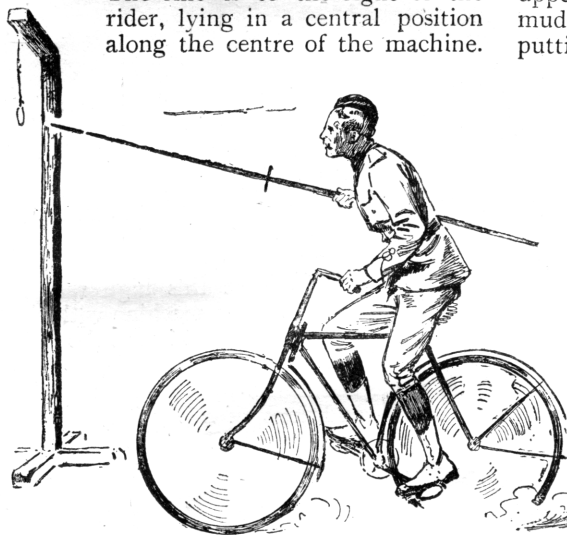


one hundred rounds of ball cartridge, signalling flag, &c., the whole weight of which is something under 70 lbs., including machine. When in full marching order, they can get along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and often faster.

We hear the latest invention in the way of military cycles is one by Mr. W. J. Cocks, of Ealing. This cycle has received the approval of some of the military authorities and below we give a sketch of the same. It shows at a glance all the weapons of warfare carried by the cyclist.

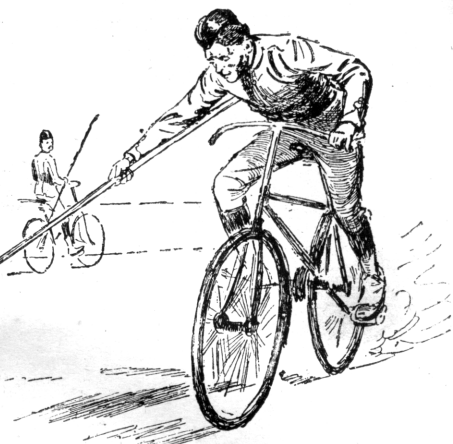
The signalling flag is carried in a semi-perpendicular position down the front fork.

The rifle is to the right of the rider, lying in a central position along the centre of the machine.



TILTING AT THE RING.

Not an inch of spare space is lost, as all the distance between the back and front wheel is taken up by a leather valise, which is divided into various parts, the upper portion of which carries a good supply of cartridge cases, and there is plenty of room below for the various travelling instruments required in case of accident to the cycle, and for all other necessities. The whole thing weighs something like 56 lbs. including the rifle. The standing gear is a very important item in the construction of this machine. A single prop or leg is

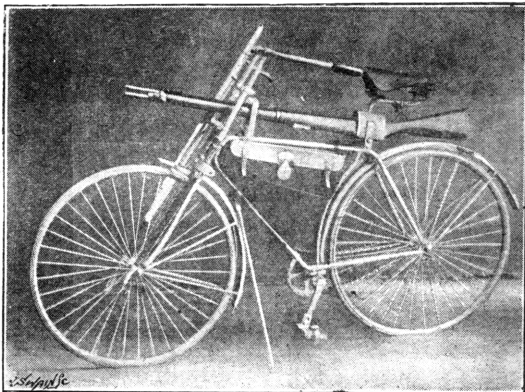


TENT-PEGGING.

removed by the feet from a spring clip, the upper portion of which engages with the mud guard, passing through the same and putting a break on the wheel, thus preventing the machine moving forward or the wheel turning to an angle, the cycle leaning on the side prop still out of the vertical. Fixed to the handle bar is a valise, in which can be carried the kit. It seems probable that in time of action the mounted cyclist will be able to get within an easy distance of the field, dismount and detach his rifle in a couple of seconds, put his machine in a place of safety, and be on the scene of action quicker than he could by any other means.

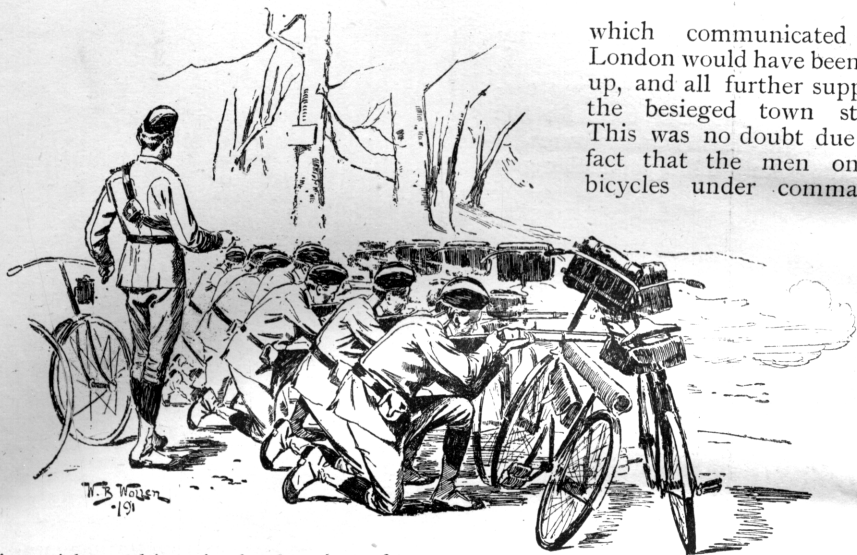
Amongst the smartest things which our fighting cyclists are capable

W.B. Walker  
1911



THE MILITARY BICYCLE.

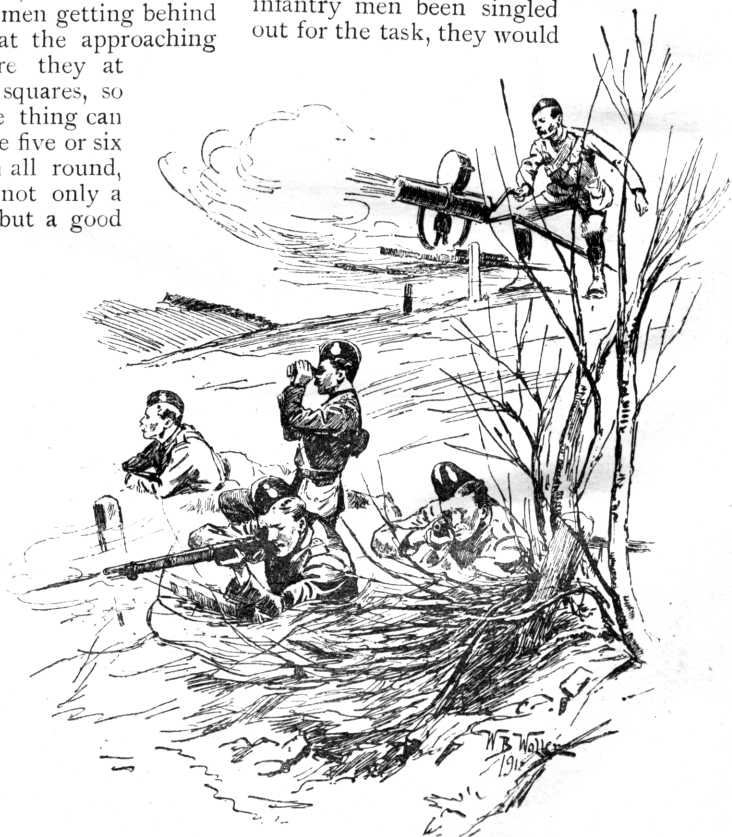
which communicated with London would have been blown up, and all further supplies to the besieged town stopped. This was no doubt due to the fact that the men on their bicycles under command of



A moveable Zereba. Fire!!!

of doing with machines is the forming of a zereba for the defence of a road, as shown in our illustration. This is for the purpose of resisting cavalry, and is formed by some twenty or thirty machines, which are stacked on to one another; the men getting behind the cycles and firing at the approaching enemy. So clever are they at forming these cycling squares, so to speak, that the whole thing can be accomplished in some five or six seconds. Indeed, taken all round, the military cyclist is not only a very ingenious fellow, but a good way ahead of the ordinary infantry men; in fact, he is really an infantry man on temporary wheels; for, when engaged in fighting, he dismounts from his machine, places his cycle on the ground, or hides it in a hedge, and combats on foot. We have spoken of the ingenuity of the cyclist. The writer of this article went to Dover last Easter for the purpose of following this regiment on wheels, in order to see what practical use they would be in time of warfare. Had it not been for the cyclists, the bridge over the railway at Lydden

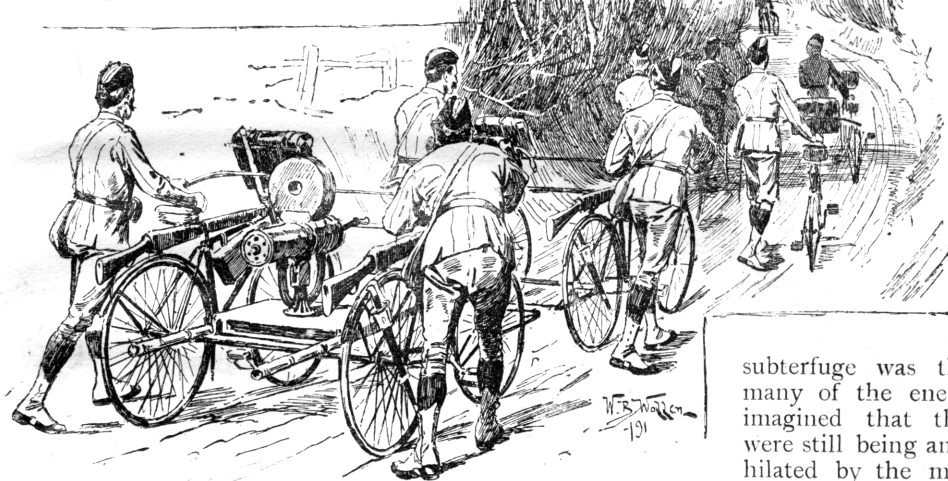
Captain Holmes were able to reach the spot which the enemy desired, whereas had infantry men been singled out for the task, they would



THE GATLING IN ACTION.

have been too late, and the enemy already in possession.

Not the least interesting weapon carried by the cyclists, and used for the first time at the Easter manœuvres, is the Gatling gun. This particular gun



UP-HILL.

subterfuge was that many of the enemy imagined that they were still being annihilated by the murderous weapon.

The Duke of Cam.

used is capable of discharging shot at a distance of one thousand yards at the rate of six shots a second easily. It weighs 97 lbs., the ammunition being carried in cases for the purpose. It is transported to and fro on a gun-carriage composed of four safety machines coupled to one another, and ridden by four men. Not only is this quartette of cycles useful for this purpose, but an ambulance may also be carried with it. With this weighty load, over a smooth road, it can be ridden at the rate of nine miles an hour. This idea of the best means of getting a Gatling to and fro belongs to Sergeant Watkins, and with this weapon he did some deadly work (imaginary, of course) at Dover.

A somewhat amusing incident was witnessed by the writer, who stood by the side of the Gatling on the hill some few miles from Kearsney, near Dover. The gallant sergeant found his ammunition exhausted; there was no more to be had. It suddenly occurred to the officer in charge of the men, who had now left the machines on which it had been carried, and were lying on the ground ready to let go at the enemy with their rifles, that the impression might be conveyed that the Gatling gun was still blazing away by the men firing in quick succession one after the other. This was done, and the result of this ingenious

bridge, who is a strong adherent of military cycling, singled out this regiment on wheels for his special approval at the late Easter manœuvres. When he saw the Gatling gun on its carriage, he gave the command that the gun should at once be put into action. The men sprang from their machines, dismounted the gun, placed it ready for firing, took up their positions, the whole thing being accomplished in twenty seconds. The Duke encouraged the men by saying most heartily, "Very creditable, very creditable."

A story, however, may be told which will show that there was a time when our Commander-in-Chief had his doubts of the efficacy of cycles being adapted for military purposes: this happened in 1887, the first appearance of military wheelmen at Dover. Some two or three miles from the seaport town there is a picturesque little village called Kearsney, and amongst its sights is a particularly steep hill leading to St. Radigund's Abbey. The Duke chanced to pass where the military cyclists were congregated together, and approaching the officer in command, good-humouredly looking up at the hill, his Royal Highness said, "Well, I've no doubt your men are a capable body, but I question whether any cyclist could possibly mount that hill." Now it so happened that there was a very

fast rider present, an exceptionally powerful man on wheels, Mr. M. D. Rucker. This little fact the commanding officer knew, and asked the Duke for permission to put his remarks to the test; this was readily granted, and away Mr. Rucker went on his machine, the Duke himself watching him for a considerable distance until at last he rode away himself. Some time passed by, when again the cyclist body found itself near to the Duke: once more riding up, he asked, "Is that man back yet?" when our smart cyclist immediately stepped up with a salute, and said, "Yes, sir, here I am." We are probably right in saying that this was the foundation of the Duke's faith in utilising cyclists for military purposes, as having sent a horseman with him, at the first six-barred gate, which was locked, the cyclist lifted his machine over, leaving the unfortunate "galloper" behind, his horse refusing to "take" the gate.

The important question now arises as to what advantage the propeller of the iron steed has over the ordinary rider on horseback. In the first place, we cannot do better than quote the estimate of the cost of a mount of cavalry in proportion to that of cyclist infantry as compared by Captain Eustace Balfour, of the London Scottish, in a paper he contributed to *The United Service Magazine* twelve months ago. His estimates are as follow:—

#### CYCLIST INFANTRY.

Cost of cycle per man, £12.

Life of cycle (say six years), therefore cost per annum, £2.

Repairs, oil &c, say £1.

Total cost per annum, £3.

#### CAVALRY.

Cost of horse, £35.

Useful life (say seven years), therefore cost per annum, £5.

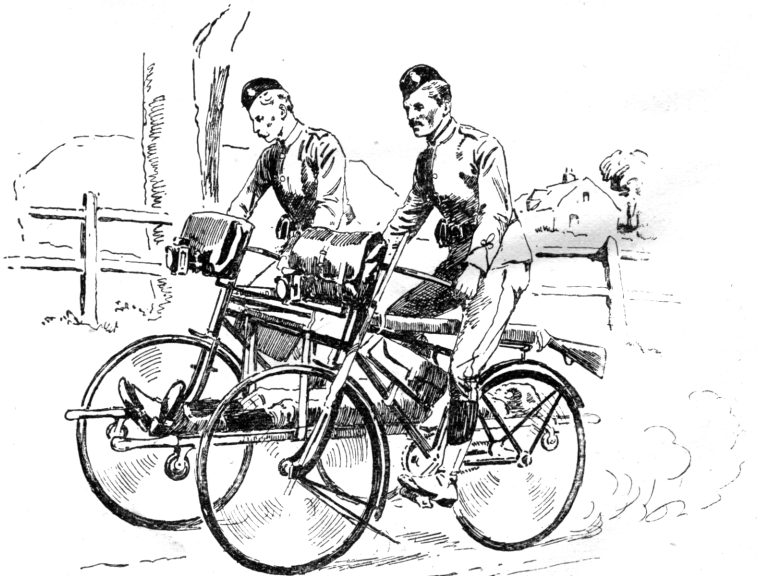
Maintenance, £40.

Total cost per annum, £45.

It will at once be seen that the cyclist is by a long way the cheaper of the two.

Again, the machines are more easily conveyed by rail, as many could be stacked in the space occupied by a single horse. On the score of staying power, it is calculated that a man could ride a cycle thirty miles and be just as fit for marching as an infantryman would be, fresh to the task, without having had the benefit of the thirty miles' start. Machines, too, are noiseless; but what strikes us as the greatest advantage of all is the fact that cyclists are able to ride along roads unseen, whereas a cavalryman traversing the same path would be immediately spotted, on account of the dust his horse's hoofs would raise on a dry day. A man on his machine, by bending over the handles somewhat, is really able to make himself shorter than the ordinary foot soldier; he still keeps on his way, being covered by the hedges, and the chances are that he will arrive at his destination with a far greater amount of certainty than the man on horseback.

The principal duties which the cyclists have to perform are those of carrying despatches, skirmishing, and reconnoitring. Owing to the long distance which they are able to cover in a short space of time, they are likely to prove very successful in the way of making sketches of the surrounding country, reporting on the probability of provisions, the state of the roads, railways, rivers, and canals, the situation of fortified places, indeed, all the thousand and



The Ambulance.

W. B. Moulton  
-191.

one items of observation which constitute reconnoitring duties. As patrols they are unquestionably useful, and a capital example is that afforded by the ingenuity of a number of cyclists who cleverly managed to get through the enemy's lines and gain the required information as to what was their strength. This force was told off to get through the lines at any cost. Our heroes of the wheel, seeing a waggon filled with straw passing along the road, induced the driver for a consideration to let them take shelter with their machines underneath the straw; this he agreed to do, and by this means they got through the outpost line, did their spying, and returned in perfect safety the same way that they went.

It is needless to say that the cyclists have to put up with a fair share of good-humoured chaff from

their rival, the cavalryman, but the horseman is beginning to recognise the fact that his brother rider is becoming a substantial acquisition in matters military, and almost regards him with respect. Our regiment on wheels seems to be wanting in only one thing—a band. Many suggestions of a decidedly humorous nature have already been made, the most likely of which is the idea of a member of the corps for a huge musical box, to be ridden in a similar style to that of the Gatling gun on four machines. He is of opinion that

in this age of invention it should be possible to construct a musical machine

in such a way that as the riders work the treadles so should the "bandbox" give forth martial strains to cheer the cyclist on as he went forth to meet the foe.



A STERN CHASE.



# Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 11.

[Maull & Fox,

girl of six. Such was her appearance when the Duke, as the friend and neighbour of the Prince of Wales in Scotland, first knew the young Princess, with whom he was afterwards to make the happiest and most popular of marriages. The Duke of Fife is



From a Photo. by]

AGE 25.

[Maull & Fox,

a partner in the London banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott & Co. He is also Lord Lieutenant of Elginshire, and Hon. Colonel of the Banffshire Artillery Volunteers.

## THE DUKE OF FIFE.

BORN 1849.



OUR first portrait of the Duke of Fife, in which he is fitly represented in the native costume of his country, was taken in the year 1860, when he was eleven years old. His

title was at that time Lord Macduff. He was then preparing for Eton, which, in due course, he entered, and where he was extremely popular. At the age of twenty-five, at which date the second of our portraits represents him, he had just entered the House of Commons as the Member for Elgin and Nairn—a position which he continued to occupy for five years. It is interesting to compare with this presentment of the Duke the portrait of his future wife, taken at about the same date, which we gave in our last number, and which represents her as a charming little



From a Photo. by]

AGE 41.

[Walery.



From a Photo. by] AGE 7. [Hobcraft.

### MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.



HE accompanying portraits, taken from photographs, give us Mrs. Beerbohm Tree at various ages, and will be most interesting to her many admirers. As we look at them,

we see the intelligent child growing into the gifted girl, and giving every promise of the cultivated, accomplished woman—a promise well fulfilled. Her marriage with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in 1882 was the occasion of her adopting the stage as a profession, of which she has ever since been an adornment. Her success has been very great in many and very different rôles. *Hester Gould* in "The Millionaire," *Lady Ingram* in "The Scrap of Paper," *Belinda* in "Engaged," and later

on the *Pompadour*, the graceful *Stella* in "Captain Swift," and the loving daughter in "The Village Priest," are characters all fresh in the memory of all appreciative



From a Photo. by] AGE 16.

[Reynolds.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[J. Thomson.

playgoers; and it is only to be regretted that Mrs. Tree has been unable to take part in the production at the Haymarket of "The Dancing Girl," which has created the greatest sensation of any play yet produced there. Mrs. Tree's return to the stage, which takes place this month, is a matter of congratulation to all playgoers who admire intelligence and beauty in dramatic art.

We are indebted for these portraits to the kindness of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.



From a]

AGE 28.

[Painting.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 34.

[Mayall.

# GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

BORN 1829.

**M**R. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA may be pronounced the most famous and popular journalist the Victorian era has produced. In 1846, when he was but 17 years of age, he was scene painter to the late William Beverley at the Princess's Theatre. Two years later we find him a draughtsman on wood and editor of a paper called *Chat*. In 1850 he painted the



From a Photo. by]

AGE 62.

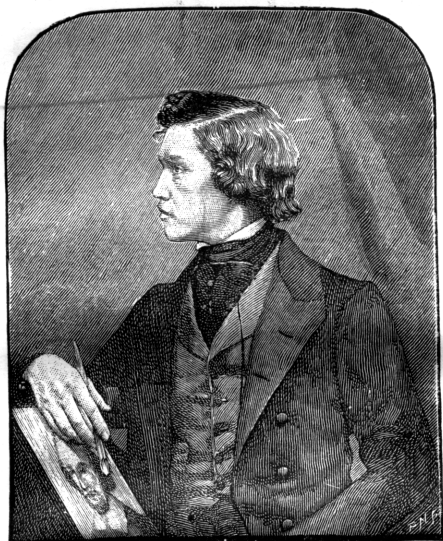
[Walery.



AGE 50.

From a Photo. by Abdulah Frères, Constantinople.

comic panorama for Soyer's Symposium, and at the age of 23 he joined *Household Words* with the friend of his childhood, Charles Dickens. He remained with Dickens till 1856, having meanwhile engraved the panorama of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, which somewhat impaired his eyesight. He then visited Russia to learn the language, and a year later joined *The Daily Telegraph*. Mr. G. A. Sala is now in his 62nd year, and his pen is as vigorous, powerful, and picturesque as in the days of his youth.



From a] AGE 19. [Daguerreotype.



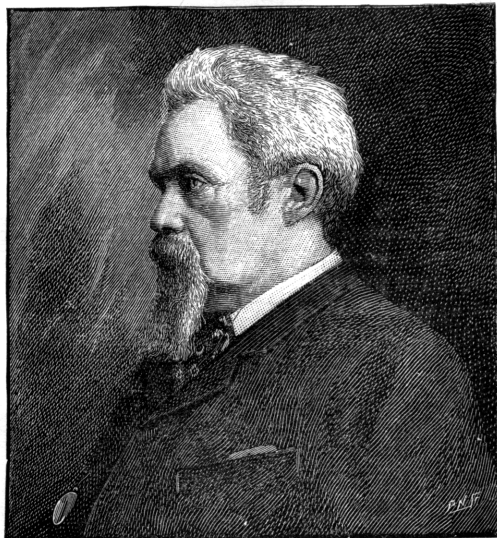
From a] AGE 23. [Photograph.



From a] AGE 27. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 41. [Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.

## HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.

BORN 1829.

**A**T 19, Mr. Marks was studying art at Leigh's Academy. At 23 he was a Royal Academy student. At 27, he had just painted his great picture, "Toothache in the Middle Ages." At 41 he was elected an A.R.A.; in 1878, R.A. By the courtesy of Mr. Marks, the second of our "Illustrated Interviews" will give a most interesting account of himself and his work.





From a Photo. by] AGE 12. [Wilkins & Haigh.



From a Photo. by] AGE 16. [Paul de Witt,



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Barraud.

endorsement in Berlin, where she played *Ada Ingot* in "David Garrick," in German, and shared with Mr. Wyndham the laurels won from the critical German audiences. Miss Moore's presence on the stage is distinguished by grace, sweetness, and beauty, and her appearance in a new character is always regarded with interest.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Barraud.

## MISS MARY MOORE.



MISS MARY MOORE'S association with dramatic art commenced when, a child of three, she appeared in some private theatricals as a fairy in "Cinderella." She was but sixteen years of age when she married James Albery, of "Two Roses" fame. In September, 1885, she was playing with Charles Wyndham in "The Candidate" at Liverpool, and she afterwards came to London to join the regular Criterion company. The success she achieved received emphatic





From a Photo. by]

AGE 25.

[Naudin.

James playing *Our Mr. Jenkins*; and on January 16, 1875, the ever-memorable "Our Boys" commenced its phenomenal career. Mr. James's admirable and masterly performance of *Perkyn Middlewick* lifted him at once into the front rank of comedians; and night after night, for four years and three months, the Vaudeville was the scene



From a Photo. by]

AGE 36.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

of as honest and healthful laughter as was ever heard within a theatre's walls. In 1886 he went to the Gaiety Theatre, and was afterwards specially engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham. There are few more popular comedians than Mr. James.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 39.

[Bertin, Brighton.

### DAVID JAMES.

**F**ROM the Princess's Theatre, then under the management of Charles Kean, Mr. David James, quite a young lad, migrated to the Royalty Theatre, where, in Burnand's "Ixion," he played the part of *Mercury*. Six years afterwards he took an important step by assuming the management of the Vaudeville Theatre, in association with Harry Montague and Thomas Thorne. There "Two Roses" was produced, Mr.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[The Stereoscopic Co.



From a] AGE 13. [Photograph.



From a] AGE 21. [Photograph.



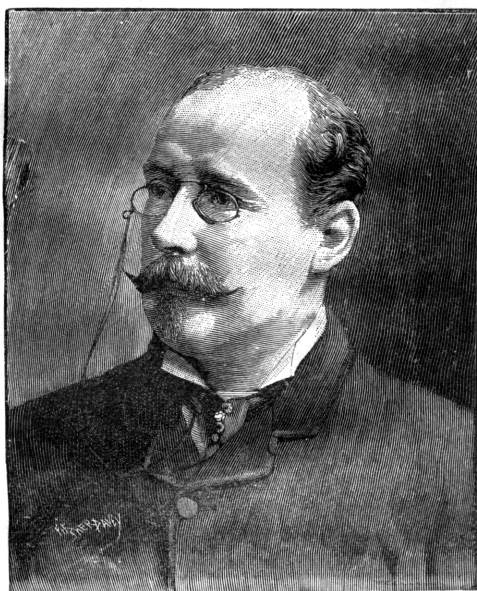
From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [Sée, Strasburg.

# MAX O'RELL.

BORN 1848.



AUL BLOUËT ("Max O'Rell") was born in Brittany, and received his commission in the French cavalry at the age of 21. Having been severely wounded, he retired with a pension, and came to England. In 1882, while master at St. Paul's



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Martin & Salomon.

School, he published the enormously successful "John Bull and His Island." Max O'Rell married an English lady, who translates all his books into English, and who is herself—as the reader may judge for himself by the following story—a charming writer.

## *Sister Gabrielle.*

### A REMINISCENCE OF MAX O'RELL DURING THE WAR.

BY HIS WIFE.



WHEN the Franco-Prussian War broke out I was a young girl, and the awful news of the commencement of hostilities made a profound impression upon me. When, four years later, I met and married my husband, it was one of my great delights to get him to tell me "all about the war." Of the many reminiscences of his soldier days, none, perhaps, interested me more than the story of a sweet nun who nursed him in St. Malo Hospital. This is the story just as I heard it for the first time years ago. I hope it will not lose too much by not being told in French, as it was then given to me.

We were sitting by the bridge of Neuilly, near the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris: "There," said my husband, "is just about the spot where I was knocked over. We were fast getting the better of the Com-

munards, and my men were warming to the work in grand style, when the piece of spent shell hit me, and some of the fellows carried me off to hospital. I remember being puzzled that there should be relatively no pain in a wound of that sort; but the pain came soon enough when the fever set in. The doctor of the Versailles Hospital was a rough specimen, as army doctors often are—in France, at any rate—and you may fancy that the groans and moans of the other wounded were not soothing either. One day the doctor told me I should soon be able to be removed to a country hospital. That was after I had been under his treatment for six weeks.

"The sights, sounds, and smell of the place had grown so sickening to me that I think I could have kissed him when he talked of sending me to St. Malo. He came in one morning, and, in his brusque way, said, as he probed the wound for bits of shattered bone:

"We shall be able to pack you off in a few days. You would like to get transferred to St. Malo, would you not? You come from that part of the country, don't you? The air will suit you."

"He was a brute, but he had awfully good cigars, and used to make me smoke one when he was going to have an extra go at my wound. I suppose he hoped the goodness might prove infectious. I used to call him strings of bad names while he was digging away at his work on my arm. Somehow it relieved me, and, truth to tell, he took it all in good part.

"In a few days, then, I saw the last of him, and he of me; and glad enough was I to find myself in the clean, quiet, nun-tended hospital in the dear old Breton town. There I had a room to myself, as each officer had; and



"A PIECE OF SPENT SHELL HIT ME."

to lie there in that sweet, sunny room and hear no groans but my own was almost like being in heaven. The daily cleanings of the wound, still pretty painful, were recommenced under the hands of another surgeon, who proved to be a very good fellow. He and I struck up quite a friendship after a while.

"Well, life was, if not exactly rosy, at any rate once more worth living. The brightness and calm were very sweet after the horrors of the Versailles hospital, and a serenity filled the air, like an echo of organ tones brought in by the nuns from chapel.

"The nun who attended to me was an angel. Don't be jealous. I was there in St. Malo three months. Before one month had passed, I had grown to love her as I should have loved my sister, if she had lived. I loved the sound of her voice, and the touch of her deft, gentle hands. I would have gone through the surgeon's probings without a groan, if she might have re-banded the arm afterwards. But Dr. Nadaud always did that himself. Sister Gabrielle—that was what they called her—would come directly he had done with me, and would try the bandages to make sure they were not hurting, arrange the pillows afresh, and smooth out the wrinkles in the counterpane, and my brow at the same time, sympathising with me all the while in the sweetest fashion possible. Her voice was a great part of her charm: very low, and yet the clearest voice in the world. She had a way of looking at one all the time, too, with a gaze that was almost like a mother's caress, and that wrapped one around with a delicious feeling of security and well-being. Sometimes she would sit and talk with me about the battles, and lead me into chats about my mother, who



ST. MALO.

was ill herself at this time, and not able to come to see me.

"How old was Sister Gabrielle?" Oh, I suppose she must have been about twenty-four or five then. She had the Norman blue eyes, and a fair complexion, which the white wrappings about her face seemed to heighten and irradiate. Is it the white lawn, or is it a beauty that the self-denying life lends to them, which makes the faces of so many of those women look so lovely? I called Sister Gabrielle an angel just

now, but you must not fancy there was any cold saintliness about her; in fact, it was her very ready sympathy with all my accounts of my young life in the outer world that drew out my heart towards her. It was her very womanliness that soon set me wondering who she could have been, and what had led her to shut herself away from the world. There was little to do, lying there in bed week after week, and hundreds of times, as I looked at that sweet woman moving about the room, I pictured her without the coif, and said to myself that if she were not then a beloved wife, with a husband's protecting arm around her, and children climbing about her knees, it was not because the love that should have led to this had been wanting, but certainly because some marring chance had prevented the realisation of such happiness. It amused me to 'make a pretty history to myself,' with Sister Gabrielle for the heroine. A woman with a voice like hers, and such a smile, was bound to have loved deeply. Sometimes, when she was not speaking, her eyes had a sad far-away look. I can only compare it to the look that an emigrant who was toiling along a hot, dusty high-road to embark for a new country, might turn and give to the dear spot that he had said a long good-

bye to. But that look never lasted more than a minute on Sister Gabrielle's face. It was as if the traveller settled his burden afresh on his shoulders, and with fresh, vigorous resolution, stepped on into the long expanse of road that went stretching away to the horizon.

"One day—I could not help it—I broke into one of those little reveries of hers.

"My sister," I said, "sweet and beautiful as you are, how is it that you never married?"

"With lifted finger, as one speaks to a too daring child, she said only: 'Sssshh!'

"Then, with the movement of the emigrant readjusting his knapsack, she added: '*Allons!* half-past ten! Dr. Nadaud will be here before we are ready for him!'

"From that day Sister Gabrielle avoided sitting by my bedside. She watched over me just as tenderly as before; but our talks were shorter, and I never ventured to repeat my question, as you may imagine. Nevertheless, lying there through the long days, it was impossible not to go on wondering what had sent this beautiful woman into the rough groove where I found her.

"One day I discovered that Dr. Nadaud came from the same town as herself, and I fell at once to questioning him about her. All that I could elicit from him was that her name in the world had been Jeanne D'Alcourt, and that she came of a good old Norman titled family. I did not learn much by that; it was not necessary to hear that she was noble, for she had the stamp of nobility in every line and in every pose of her body. For a talkative fellow, I thought Nadaud had remarkably little to say about his former townswoman; and, after gently sounding him once or twice on the subject, I came to the conclusion that it was useless to look to him for enlightenment, but I also came to the conclusion that Sister Gabrielle had a history.

"August came. I had been three months

in St. Malo Hospital, and now the time for leaving it had arrived.

"It was early morning. A *fiacre* stood at the gate, with my luggage upon it, and Sister Gabrielle had come to the doorway which led into the courtyard to see me off. Early as it was, the sun was already well on his day's journey, and perhaps it was the strong glare from the white wall that made her shade her eyes so persistently with her left hand while we were saying 'Good-bye.' As for my own eyes, there was something the matter with them, too, for the landscape, or so much of it as I could see from the St. Malo hospital doorway, had taken on a strange, blurred look since I saw it from the window ten minutes before.

"*Adieu, mon lieutenant! Adieu!*" cried Sister Gabrielle, in a voice meant to be very cheery.

"*Adieu, ma sœur!* May I come to see you and the old place, if ever I find myself in these latitudes again?"

"Yes, yes, that is it; come back and see who is in your little bed under the window. Take care of the arm!" touching the sling that held it, 'Dr. Nadaud will expect a letter from you in copper-plate style before another month is over. *Allons!* We will say, *Au revoir*, then, not *Adieu*. *Bon voyage, mon lieutenant, bon voyage!*'

"Another hand-grasp, and I made my way to the cab, feeling a strange intoxicated sensation at being once more on my legs in the open air after such a long stretch between the blankets. Away we rattled down the steep stone-paved street, past the queer old high houses that, as the window-shutters were swung back, seemed to open their eyes and wake up with a spirited relish for another day's bustle and work. Very different, my dear, to the lazy drawing up of a roller-blind in England is the swinging open of a pair of French *persiennes*. Whiffs of new bread and freshly ground coffee



SISTER GABRIELLE.



floated out from the open doorways of the baker, and the earliest risers of St. Malo, and presently the pungent, invigorating odour of the sea made itself smelt in spite of the mixed odours of the street. It was

about her beautiful mouth, and there would be long talks about all that he had been doing ; of the pleasant free life in England, of the English wife he had married, and of Bébé, a regular little Norman, whom he

promised to bring and show her some day. But that day never came.

One hot August morning, just seven years after he had left the hospital with his arm in a sling, my husband pulled at the big clanging bell, and asked to see Sister Gabrielle. He was ushered into the shady waiting-room, and stood drinking in the perfume of the roses that clambered about the open window. Presently the Mother's steps approached, but when she saw him she had no longer in her voice the cheery notes

with which she used to greet him, nor did she offer to send Sister Gabrielle to him.

In a few sad words she told him his sweet nurse was dead, that she had died as she had lived, beloved by all who were privileged to be near her. There was no positive disease, the doctor had said, but some shock or grief of years before must have undermined her health, and the life of self-sacrifice she led had not been calculated to lengthen the frail strand of her life. Gently and without struggle it had snapped, and she had drooped and died with the early violets.

Touched and saddened, our traveller turned down the steep street to the lower town. More than ever he wondered what had been the history of the brave, beautiful woman who had nursed him seven years before.

Turning the corner of the Place Château-briand, he ran against a man.

"*Pardon, monsieur !*"

"*Pardon, monsieur !*"

The exclamations were simultaneous. Looking up, the two men recognised each other.

"Ah, my dear Doctor !" exclaimed my husband.

"*Sapristi*, my dear Lieutenant ! What are you doing in St. Malo ?"



"ADIEU, MA SEUR !"

new life to be out in the open air again ; and I was going to see my mother. But I could not forget Sister Gabrielle."

Several years passed before my husband saw again the old steep streets of St. Malo. These years brought great changes to him. His right arm being no longer capable of using a sword, he retired from the army, took to journalism, and eventually accepted an engagement in London. In the English capital he made his home, marrying and settling down to a quasi-English life, which possessed great interest for him from the first.

One summer (six years after the war) we began to make a yearly journey to a town on the borders of Brittany, and always landed at St. Malo to take train for our destination. Trains ran there only twice a day, and so there was generally time enough to climb the dirty, picturesque street to the hospital and see sweet Sister Gabrielle, whose face would light up at sight of her old patient, and whose voice had still the same sympathetic charm. When the now English-looking traveller presented himself, it was always the Mother Superior who came to him in the bare, cool room reserved for visitors. And then Sister Gabrielle would arrive with a sweet, grave smile playing

The younger man having properly accounted for his presence in the old Breton town, and made known to Dr. Nadaud how glad he was to see him again, the two went off together to lunch at the *Hôtel de Bretagne*, where M. Blouët had left his luggage.

Having refreshed themselves with a light French *déjeuner*, the doctor and his former patient strolled out of the long dining-room into the central courtyard of the hotel, which the sun had not yet made too warm; and there, installing themselves at a little round table, under a huge laurel, they smoked and sipped their coffee.

"I will tell you all I know," said the doctor, in reply to a question from his companion. "It seemed almost a breach of confidence to tell you Sister Gabrielle's story while she lived, for I knew that she had come away out of

the world on purpose to work unknown, and to bury all that remained of Jeanne D'Alcourt. When she first came she seemed not at all pleased to see me; no doubt because my presence reminded her of Caen, and of the scenes that she had turned her back upon for ever."

"Well," continued Dr. Nadaud, "the D'Alcourts had lived for generations in a fine old house on the Boulevard de l'Est, and it was there that Jeanne was born. Next door lived my sister and her husband, M. Leconte, the chief notary of the town, and a man well considered by all classes of his townsmen. It is the old story of affections knotted together in the skipping rope, and proving to be as unending as the circle of the hoop. My sister had a girl and a boy. The three children played together, walked out with their nurses together, and were hardly ever separated, until the time came for Raoul to go to Paris to school. The boy was fourteen when they parted; Jeanne was only eleven; but the two children's love had so grown with their growth that, before the day of parting

came, they had made a solemn little compact never to forget each other.

"Eight years passed, during which Jeanne and Raoul saw little of each other.

"The first time the boy came home he seemed to Jeanne no longer a boy, and the shyness which sprang up between them then deepened with each succeeding year.

"The boy was allowed to choose his profession, and he chose that of surgery. News reached Jeanne from time to time, through his sister, of the promising young student who, it was said, bid fair to win for himself a great name some day.

"At the age of twenty-two Raoul left Paris. His parents, who were growing old, wished their son near them; and steps were taken to establish him in a practice in Caen.

"Time passed on, and Raoul had been six months in part-

nership with old Dr. Grévin, whom he was eventually to succeed, when Mme. D'Alcourt fell ill of inflammation of the lungs, and so it happened that the two young people often met beside the sick-bed, for the elder partner was not always able to attend the patient, and his young *aide* was called upon to take his place.

"By the time that Mme. D'Alcourt was well again, both the young people knew that the old love of their childhood had smouldered in their hearts through all the years of separation, and was ready to burst into flame at a touch. But no word was spoken.

"It was Raoul's fond hope to be one day in a position to ask for Jeanne as his wife, but he knew that by speaking before he was in that position he would only destroy all chance of being listened to by her parents.

"The touch that should stir the flame soon came.

"One day in the summer following, a hasty summons from Mme. D'Alcourt took Dr. Grévin to Jeanne's bedside, and a few moments' examination showed him that the



"I WILL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW," SAID THE DOCTOR.

poor girl had taken diphtheria. After giving directions as to the treatment to be followed, he said he would return late in the evening, or would send M. Leconte.

"It was Raoul who came.

"With horror he saw that the case was already grave, and a great pang went through him as he spoke to Mme. D'Alcourt of the possibility of its being necessary to perform tracheotomy in the morning. When morning came, in fact, all next day, Jeanne was a little better, and the young man hoped with a deep, longing, passionate hope.

"The day after, however, it was evident that nothing could save the girl but the operation, and it was quickly decided to try this last chance.

"The rest is soon told. In that suprême moment, as Raoul made ready for the work, the two young people told all their hearts' secret to each other in one long greeting of the eyes, that was at once a 'Hail'! and a 'Farewell'!

"The operation was successful.

"All went well with Jeanne, and in two days she was declared out of danger.

"But Raoul, unmindful of everything except Jeanne's danger, had not been careful for himself, and had received some of the subtle poison from her throat."



"A GREAT PANG WENT THROUGH HIM."

In the cemetery of Caen, high up where the sun first strikes, can be seen a grave-stone with the inscription :—

*Ci-git*

RAOUL LECONTE,

*Décédé le 18 Juillet, 1869.*

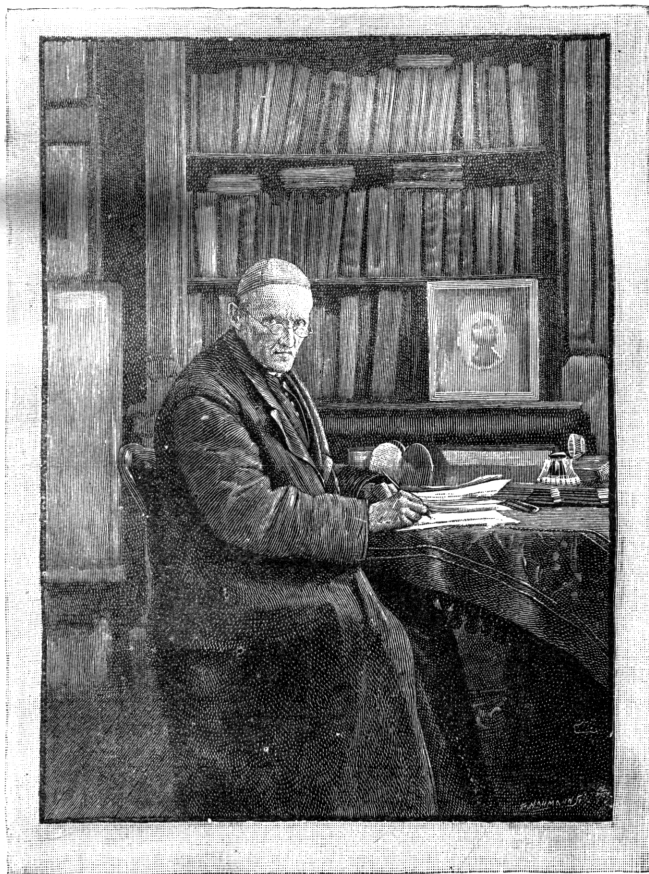
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And this is why Sister Gabrielle never married.



## *Illustrated Interviews.*

### No. I.—CARDINAL MANNING.



*From a Photo. by]*

CARDINAL MANNING IN HIS LIBRARY.

*[Messrs. Elliot & Fry.]*



**W**HEN the officers of the three regiments of Guards conceived the idea some twenty-five years ago to build an institute for their privates and non-commissioned officers, they little thought that the great square building at the corner of Carlisle-place, near Victoria Station, would one day be converted into the residence of the Archbishop of Westminster. It was destined to be so, however, and was purchased in March, 1873, for this purpose. It is hard to realise, as the door closes behind me, and with it shuts out the slightest noise of passing traffic, that His Eminence Cardinal Manning sleeps in a small corner of a great gallery where a stage once stood,

and where red-coats once danced to the strains of merry music; that the great reception-room was a few years ago fitted up with carpenters' benches, and Guardsmen so inclined could try their skill with plane and chisel. Not a vestige of their presence remains. Nothing could be quieter or more simple. There is an air of solemnity about the place, this home of Cardinal Manning.

I have just seen the Cardinal. The day is cold, and he wears over his black cassock, edged with the traditional red, a long overcoat. Around his neck is the gold chain and cross of the See, and on his finger a massive ring, set with a glorious sapphire given to him by the late Pope. His still bright eyes, in a face typical of intense



ENTRANCE HALL.

kindness, begin to twinkle merrily when I tell him I want to take his memory back to sixty or seventy years ago—his boyhood days. He is fond of children. He tells me that he has letters from them in the United States, Australia, Canada, and how on every birthday—he was born on July 15, 1808—bunches and bunches of flowers come, the chapel and house are full of flowers. "But, go and see the house. In half an hour we will sit down and talk together."

There is the house dining-room, the windows of which look on to the street, interesting from the fact that it contains authentic portraits of the Vicars Apostolic from the time of James I., since the breach with Rome. On a pedestal near the window is a bust of Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate; and on the mantelpiece, on either side of the clock, are two small busts of Pius IX. and the present Pope. The Cardinal takes all his meals alone, and is next-door to a vegetarian. The domestic chapel is in close proximity to the dining-room. Through a little ante-apartment, where the vestments are kept, and past a small confessional exquisitely carved in oak, the door of the chapel is opened, and the rays of light stream through the windows on to a simple altar. Here, in a glass case, is the mitre of white silk, to which the gold trimming still clings, worn by St. Thomas à Becket, whilst in residence at Sens. At another corner is a relic of St. Edmund. There are seats on

the green baize benches for a dozer worshippers; the gilt chair once used by the Cardinal is in the centre, with a black knee cushion richly worked with flowers. The relics, one of the most precious collections in the kingdom, are preserved in a case at the far end. They are a sight of rare beauty—wonderfully carved specimens of Gothic work in ivory, elaborate gold, silver,



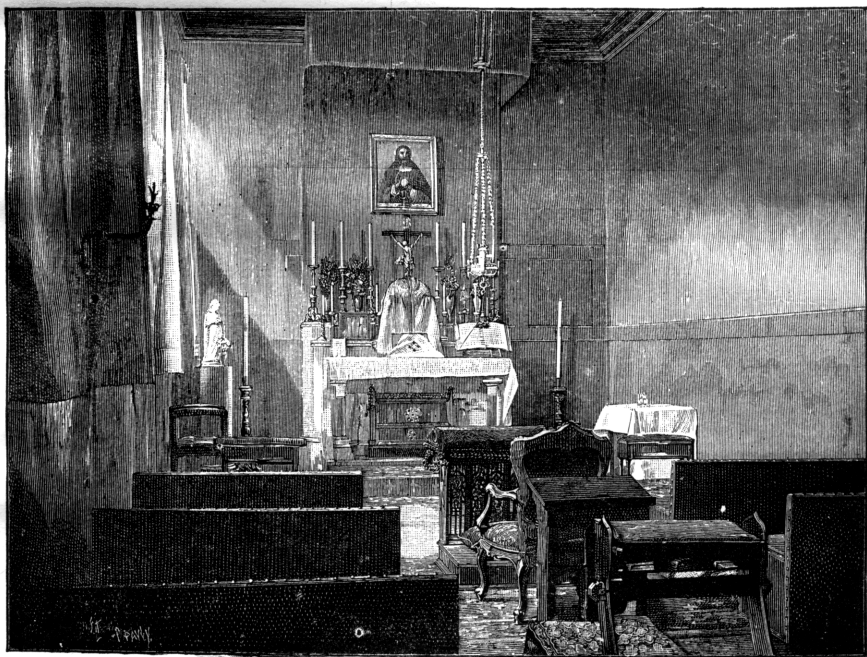
THE CARDINAL'S FATHER.



and silver-gilt work. Amongst the most precious of them all, contained in a piece of crystal, is a fragment of the column against which our Lord was scourged; and set in a silver and enamelled shrine are three small pieces of dark wood, resembling ebony, round which are engraved the words: "Behold the wood of the cross on which our Saviour was hung."

Ascending the stone steps leading from the entrance hall, I pass into an ante-room,

Sassoon, and Sir Henry Isaacs. The Cardinal's biretta, given to him by the Pope, is under a glass case, as it is always the practice of Cardinals to keep the one so given when raised to this exalted position and never wear it. Amongst the works of art—including one of Savonarola—is a magnificent painting by Louis Haghe representing "High Mass in St. Peter's, Rome, on Christmas Day." The picture is peculiarly interesting, for the artist died



*From a Photograph by]*

THE CHAPEL.

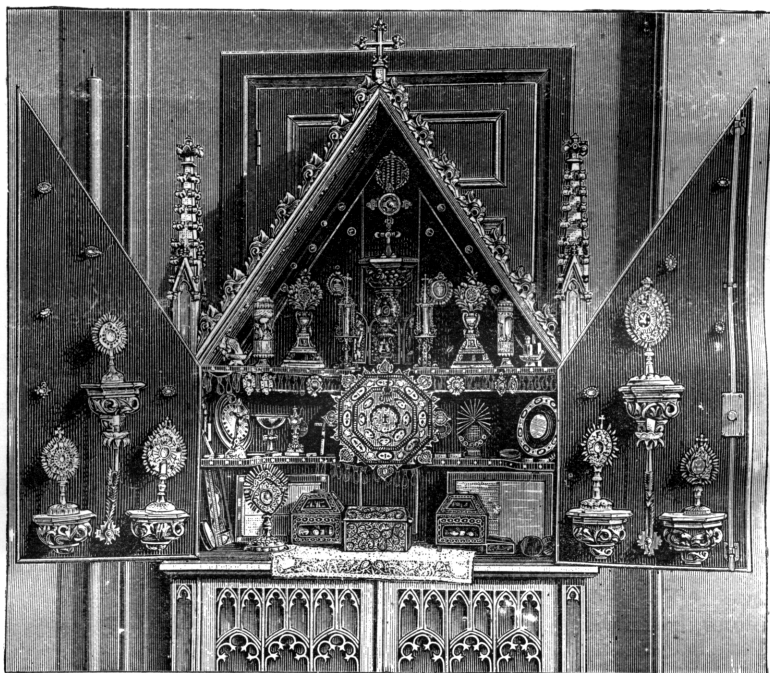
*[Messrs. Elliott & Fry,*

where stands a life-size bust of the Cardinal's father, William Manning, a London merchant, a Governor of the Bank of England, and sometime member of Parliament for Evesham, and afterwards for Penrhyn. A very heavy statue of the Virgin Mary finds a place here. It was made from cannon taken at Sebastopol. The great reception-room, too, with its massive heavy gilt chairs, its richly carved cabinets, whereon are set out numerous treasures, is a fine apartment. On the tables are huge volumes containing the countless testimonials presented from time to time. The latest of these tributes is on the wall near the door: that presented by the Jews on October 30, 1890, and bearing such names as Lord Rothschild, Joseph Sebag Montefiore, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Reuben and Albert

before he had time to light the wicks of the candles on the altar.

The library is large, and the numerous book-shelves of black wood are well stocked with volumes. A portrait of the Duke of Norfolk, and an original oil painting of the late Cardinal Newman, rest against the wall. Many portraits of Cardinal Manning are scattered about, and there is a bust of himself and his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, side by side over the fire-place.

The Cardinal's bedroom is at the top of the building. Here in a corner of the Guards' ball-room, some seven or eight small apartments have been made—little square abodes, homely and simple to a degree. These rooms very much resemble, save that they are somewhat larger, the monks' cells in the Convent Church of San Marco



*From a Photograph by]*

THE RELIQUARY.

*[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

Passing through the now ancient ball-room, round the walls of which are a plentiful supply of pails filled to the brim in case of fire, and descending the stone steps once more, a door leading from the library opens into the Cardinal's work-room. What a litter! It is full of baskets, papers and pamphlets are scattered all over the place. Letters, bearing the postmark of every quarter of the globe, lie in a heap, waiting to be opened. The Cardinal, who sits in a great blue

at Florence. The Cardinal has always slept in a camp bed. It is covered with a red eider-down quilt. Just a wardrobe, an armchair, a washstand, and on the dressing table at the open window little nicks-nacks of toilet are laid out with distinctive neatness. A door opens from the sleeping apartment to the Cardinal's private oratory. Its almost quaint situation has secured for it the name of "The Noah's Ark." An altar, almost unadorned, has been set up here—very plain and unpretentious. Look where you will, it is all suggestive of the quiet and gentle disposition of a great man, and the illustration shows the sanctuary as it is when the Cardinal passes from his bedroom in the morning. Exactly opposite "The Noah's Ark" is another small oratory, a trifle more decorative perhaps, but still remarkably simple. This is used by the bishops when visiting His Eminence. Just then the butler tells me that the stipulated half-hour is past. This old family servant may be regarded with interest, for when he first ushered me into the presence of the Cardinal, His Eminence remarked that he had served him for over a quarter of a century. His coachman had been with him quite as long, for of all things he disliked it was changing servants.

arm-chair, and rests back upon a red velvet pillow, expresses sympathy in my astonishment. There are no fewer than eleven tables about, and he happily remarks, "You cannot count the chairs, for every one of them is a bookshelf." Then in a voice of wonderful firmness, and remarkably clear, he invites me to sit close to him.

"Yes, every day brings a multitude of letters. I open them all myself. Many I reply to, and the remainder keep two secretaries busy all day, and then they are by no means finished. I have a long, long day myself. At seven I get up, and oftentimes do not go to bed until past eleven—working all the time. My dinner is early, at 1.30, and tea comes round at 7 o'clock. Newspapers? I manage to get through some of the principal ones every day. Of course, I only 'skim' them over, but I make a point of reading the foreign news." He merrily—and with great humility—remarked in reference to the many books he had written that he "had spoilt as much paper as most people."

"Will you tell me something about your boyhood?" I asked.

"Well, if you want me to talk nonsense I will say that it is a long way back to remember, for I am eighty-three, but I spent

my childhood at Totteridge. As a boy at Coombe Bank, Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous. The two Wordsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day *and there were no grapes*. This is probably the only case on record where three future Bishops were guilty of larceny. We, we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up, and were forgiven.

"I was always fond of riding, shooting, boating, and cricketing. I well remember that with the first shot from my gun I killed a hare. That shot was nearly the means of preventing me from ever becoming eighty-three. My father's gamekeeper was with me at the time, and he was a very tall, heavy fellow, with a tremendous hand. When he saw the hare fall, he brought that same huge hand down on my back with all his might, and a hearty 'Well done, master Henry!' His enthusiasm nearly knocked me out of the world. My shooting inclinations, however, once nearly ruined the family coach—in those days, you know, we used to have great cumbersome, uncomfortable vehicles. I had a battery of cannons, and my first target was the coach-house-door. One of these formidable weapons carried a fairly weighty bullet. Well, I hit the door—the bullet went clean

through, and nearly smashed the panel of the coach.

"I went to Harrow when I was fourteen, and remained there four years. I fear I can tell you but little about my cricketing days. I wish I could say that 'our side' won, but,

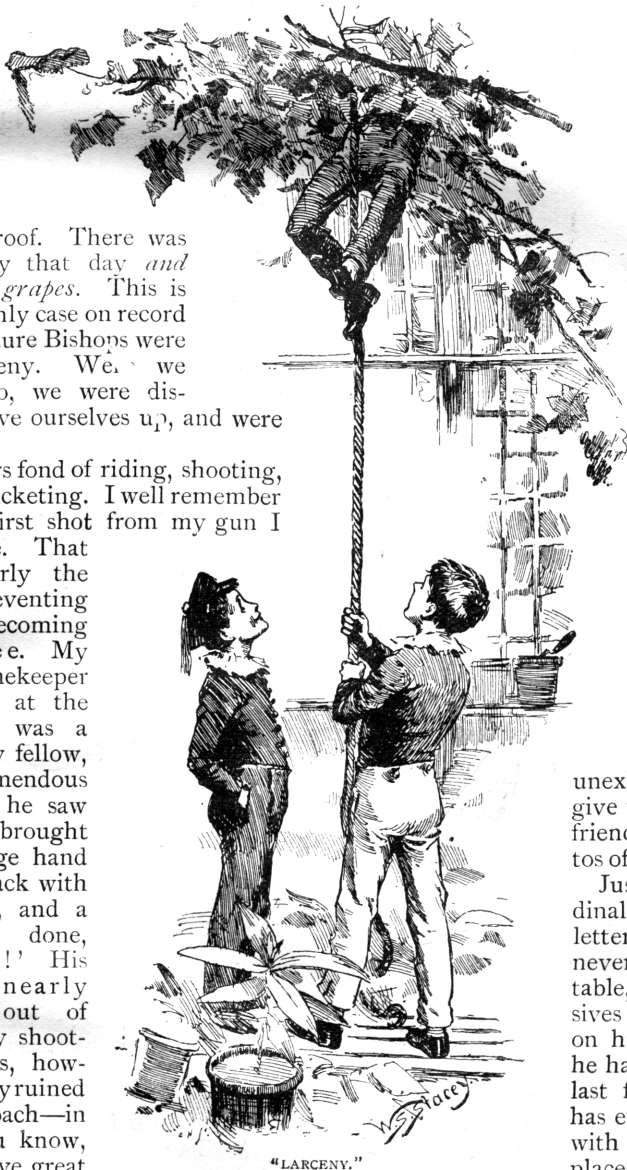
alas! in the three matches I played in against Eton and Winchester at Lords we were beaten every time. I certainly scored some runs, but their total is forgotten. Then, as a boy, I was very fond of wood-carving, and the principal articles of home manufacture were boats. I made many of them, and as a lad they used to constitute my birthday present to my youthful companions. After I had reached manhood I found my stock of small river craft

unexhausted, so I would give them away to my friends as small mementos of my boating days."

Just then the Cardinal had to reply to a letter brought in. He never uses a writing table, but pens his missives on a pad resting on his knee, a practice he has followed for the last fifteen years. He has even written them with the notepaper placed in the palm of his hand. A few notes

of his wonderful career are jotted down. From Harrow he went to Oxford.

The Cardinal became a Catholic in 1851, previous to which he had been Rector of Lavington and Graffham, in Sussex, since



"LARCENY."

1833, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. On the death of Cardinal Wiseman in February, 1865, he was made Archbishop, and ten years later raised to the dignity of Cardinal. He became a teetotaler in the autumn of 1868, and has been a firm adherent to teetotal principles ever since.

But the photographic is waiting. As the Cardinal sat down for a special picture for these pages he exclaimed wittily, "Well, you look like assassins, waiting to 'take' me." He tells a photographic story, too, whilst the operator is changing one of the plates, as to how a member of his clergy was preaching in the open air in the East End, and an itinerant photographer elbowed his room through the crowd and prepared to "catch" the cleric. The audience, however, were so much interested in the discourse, that one of them shouted out, "Now, then, get out with that shooting gallery!"

My visit to the Cardinal, however, was not only for the purpose of gathering some delightful reminiscences, but to ask his opinion on one of the burning questions of the hour. The great affection he has always had for the welfare of children, and the thoughtful kindness he has ever directed towards parents, suggested "Free Education," and His Eminence said:—

"In the sense understood in America in their system of common schools, free for all classes and conditions, or in the sense understood in France, where the State pays for all degrees of education, I am as much opposed to free schools as possible. Lord Salisbury has spoken of assisted education,

and I can attach to these words a sound meaning. Free schools display only a destructive part of State education.

"What do you mean by 'national' system?"

"I mean a system in which the nation educates itself. The education of children

is a natural duty, or responsibility of the people itself, in all its homes and in all its localities; and until parental duty has been fulfilled to the utmost, by the intelligence and energy of individuals, I believe the intervention of the State to be premature and mischievous, because it obstructs the fulfilment of parental and natural duty.

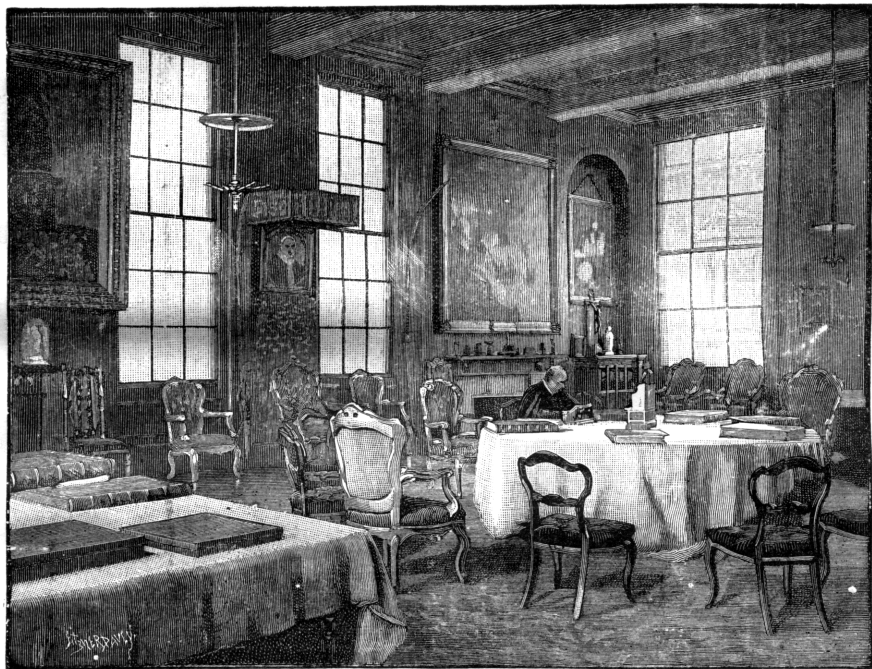
"Do you believe that a national system of education can ever exist without the assistance of the State?"

"No, unless it be in a very low and imperfect manner; but I believe that the whole greatness of the Empire, and all our world-wide commerce, and all our national character itself, is the creation not of the State but of the

intelligence, energy, and free-will of individuals. This was the original principle from which it sprung. The State has come in to assist when the first foundations have been laid, and gives permanence and extension to the work of individual energy. It is said that 'trade follows the flag,' but there was no flag when trade first entered upon the foreign lands which have become our colonies. Individual energy goes first, and the State follows after. I apply this to what is termed the voluntary system of education in England. Individuals began educating themselves and others, before the State granted a halfpenny to their



"I WAS VERY FOND OF CARVING BOATS."



From a Photograph by]

THE RECEPTION ROOM.

[Messrs. Elliott &amp; Fry.

education, and I believe that it ought always to maintain itself in the same subordinate position. I am not unconscious that people say, 'Where the voluntary system contributes hundreds of thousands the State contributes millions,' but the State can never contribute that which is of more value than all the millions in the Treasury—I mean the parental responsibility, the zeal, fidelity, patience, and self-sacrifice of the body of teachers, and the docility and good conduct of children responding to those who treat them with love and care. This in the last twenty years has doubled the extent and the efficiency of the voluntary system, in spite of all poverty, which greatly burdens it, so that at this moment the poorest of the voluntary schools are running neck and neck with the Board Schools, which are the richest in the land. I would refer in proof of this to Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham last April, and to Mr. Stanley's excellent and generous pamphlet upon the state of the schools at Preston."

"Do you not approve of what the Government has done since the year '35 or '36?"

"Very heartily; only I think that the Government down to 1870, when it

authorised School Boards to put their hands in the pockets of the people, has behaved in an unequal way, and I hope that assisted education will show that the Government has risen to a full sense of its responsibility."

"Do you mean that contributions of the parents or the department are sufficient for the voluntary system?"

"By no means; I believe that the responsibility of parents in every home creates a responsibility of localities in every community or parish in the land. It is an absolute duty of local administration that the heads of such administration should take care that every child within their limits is duly educated. I believe, however, that the contribution of parents and the local rates, with assistance from the Treasury, will suffice for a voluntary system of national education."

"Then, where are free schools?"

"I believe that every parent who is able to pay for the education of his children is bound to do so, but that others, the State included, are bound to pay for those who are unable to pay for themselves. In this sense, as a subordinate detail, I heartily accept free schools, but not the name."





THE GREAT GALLERY.

"Does not contribution from local rates involve local management?"

"Without doubt, so far as to see that the local rates are honestly applied, but it is a universally established and admitted principle that neither grants from the Treasury nor rates from the locality can be applied to the teaching of religion. They are exclusively given for the secular education and efficient management of schools, outside the matter of religion, and therefore for that reason, and upon that broad principle, neither the inspectors of Government nor local managers, unless they be of the religion of the schools, have any right to make or meddle with any management except within the limits of the Government inspection.

"I have had long experience of the yearly inspection of the Home Office, the Education Department,

of the Boards of Guardians of the Metropolitan District, and I can bear witness that their visits and comments have been fair, just, and useful, and of great service to us and to our schools."

"Have you any objection to the School Board system?"

"Many, too many to enumerate now, but four in chief:—

"First: they make us pay education rate to maintain their schools, which we

cannot conscientiously use, leaving us, at the same time, to maintain our own.

"Secondly: from the want of definition as to what are elementary or primary schools, the School Boards have in the last few years extended the curriculum of education up to the standard of Harrow and Eton, and have charged it upon the education rate paid by the poor. This was never intended by the Legislature in the year 1870.



THE CARDINAL'S PRIVATE ORATORY.

"Thirdly : there is no practical limit to the amount of rate that may be charged, and, in my belief, no audit of its expenditure sufficient to control its unlimited outlay.

"Lastly : I have no confidence in undenominational religion, which means a 'shape that shape hath none.'"

"What, then, do you wish that they were extinguished?"

"It is too late for me to wish them anything better than a definite faith ; but I desire to see a new and higher legislation, under which the Voluntary System and the Board Schools shall find their place, and their action controlled by a juster and more efficient administration."

HARRY HCW.



*From a Photograph by*

*[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.]*

# *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

## ADVENTURE I.—A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



O Sherlock Holmes she is always *the* woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen ; but, as a lover, he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. They were admirable things for the observer—excellent for drawing the veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high-power lenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his. And yet there was but one woman to him, and that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory.

I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. My own complete happiness, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention ; while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker-street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries, which had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time to time I heard some vague account of his doings : of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff

murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely shared with all the readers of the daily press, I knew little of my former friend and companion.

One night—it was on the 20th of March, 1888—I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker-street. As I passed the well-remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the Study in Scarlet, I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again, and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw his tall spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against the blind. He was pacing the room swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest, and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their own story. He was at work again. He had arisen out of his drug-created dreams, and was hot upon the scent of some new problem. I rang the bell, and was shown up to the chamber which had formerly been in part my own.

His manner was not effusive. It seldom was ; but he was glad, I think, to see me. With hardly a word spoken, but with a kindly eye, he waved me to an armchair, threw across his case of cigars, and indicated a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner. Then he stood before the fire, and looked me over in his singular introspective fashion.

"Wedlock suits you," he remarked. "I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you."

"Seven," I answered.

"Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness."

"Then, how do you know ?"

"I see it, I deduce it. How do I know

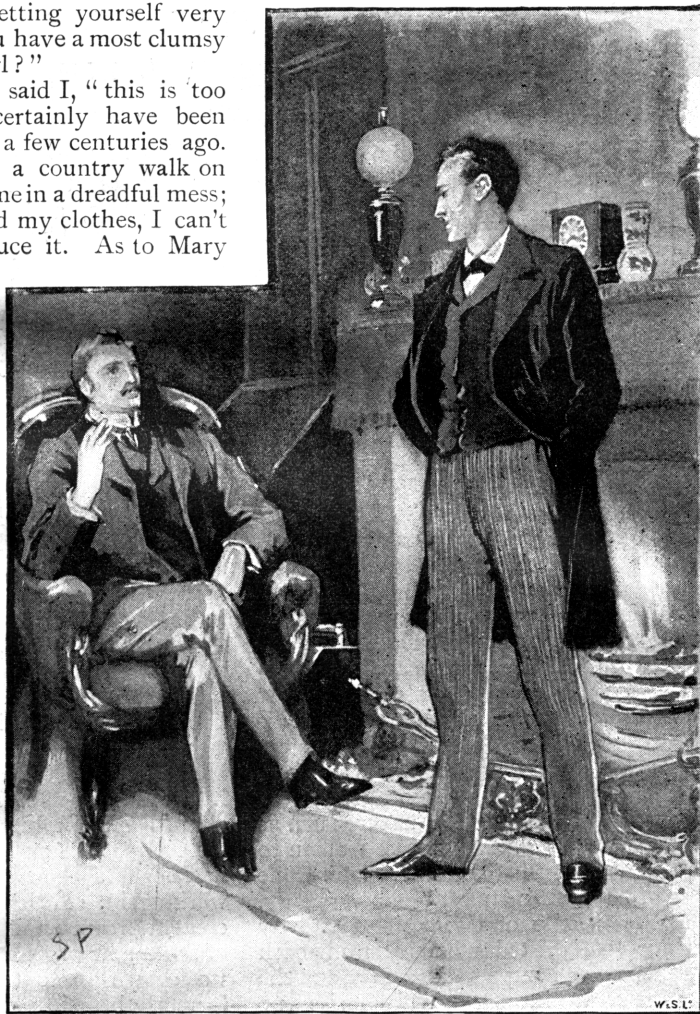
that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?"

"My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. You would certainly have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess; but, as I have changed my clothes, I can't imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice; but there again I fail to see how you work it out."

He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long nervous hands together.

"It is simplicity itself," said he; "my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the fire-light strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot-slitting specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black mark of nitrate of silver upon his right fore-finger, and a bulge on the side of his top-hat to show where he has secreted his stethoscope, I must be dull indeed, if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession."

I could not help laughing at the ease with which he explained his process of deduction. "When I hear you give your reasons," I remarked, "the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, though at



"THEN HE STOOD BEFORE THE FIRE."

each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled, until you explain your process. And yet I believe that my eyes are as good as yours."

"Quite so," he answered, lighting a cigarette, and throwing himself down into an armchair. "You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room."

"Frequently."

"How often?"

"Well, some hundreds of times."

"Then how many are there?"

"How many! I don't know."

"Quite so! You have not observed."

And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems, and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this." He threw over a sheet of thick pink-tinted notepaper which had been lying open upon the table. "It came by the last post," said he. "Read it aloud."

The note was undated, and without either signature or address.

"There will call upon you to-night, at a quarter to eight o'clock," it said, "a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the Royal Houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask."

"This is indeed a

facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?"

I carefully examined the writing, and the paper upon which it was written.

"The man who wrote it was presumably well to do," I remarked, endeavouring to imitate my companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff."

"Peculiar—that is the very word," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light."

I did so, and saw a large *E* with a small *g*, a *P*, and a large *G* with a small *t* woven into the texture of the paper.

"What do you make of that?" asked Holmes.

"The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather."

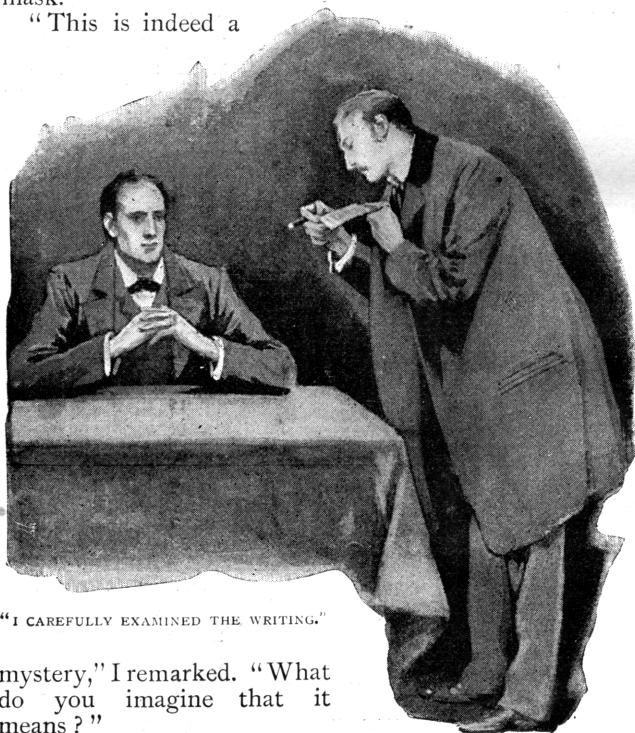
"Not at all. The *G* with the small *t* stands for 'Gesellschaft,' which is the German for 'Company.' It is a customary contraction like our 'Co.' *P*, of course, stands for 'Papier.' Now for the *Eg*. Let us glance at our Continental

*Gazetteer*." He took down a heavy brown volume from his shelves. "Eglow, Eg-lonitz—here we are, Egria. It is in a German-speaking country—in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass factories and paper mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?" His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue triumphant cloud from his cigarette.

"The paper was made in Bohemia," I said.

"Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence—'This account of you we have from all quarters received.' A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is

wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper, and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he



"I CAREFULLY EXAMINED THE WRITING."

mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine that it means?"

"I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorise before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit



comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts."

As he spoke there was the sharp sound of horses' hoofs and grating wheels against the curb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled.

"A pair, by the sound," said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else."

"I think that I had better go, Holmes."

"Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it."

"But your client—"

"Never mind him. I may want your help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention."

A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, paused immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap.

"Come in!" said Holmes.

A man entered who could hardly have been less than six feet six inches in height, with the chest and limbs of a Hercules. His dress was rich with a richness which would, in England, be looked upon as akin to bad taste. Heavy bands of Astrakhan were slashed across the sleeves and fronts of his double-breasted coat, while the deep blue cloak which was thrown over his shoulders

was lined with flame-coloured silk, and secured at the neck with a brooch which consisted of a single flaming beryl. Boots which extended half way up his calves, and which were trimmed at the tops with rich brown fur, completed the impression of barbaric opulence which was suggested by his whole appearance. He carried a broad-brimmed hat in his hand, while he wore across the upper part of his face, extending down past the cheek-bones, a black vizard

mask, which he had apparently adjusted that very moment, for his hand was still raised to it as he entered. From the lower part of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long straight chin, suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of obstinacy.

"You had my note?" he asked, with a deep harsh voice and a strongly marked German accent. "I told you that I would call." He looked from one to the other of us, as if uncertain which to address.

"Pray take a seat," said Holmes. "This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?"

"You may address me as the Count Von Kramm, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand

that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honour and discretion, whom I may trust with a matter of the most extreme importance. If not, I should much prefer to communicate with you alone."

I rose to go, but Holmes caught me by



"A MAN ENTERED."

the wrist and pushed me back into my chair. "It is both, or none," said he. "You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me."

The Count shrugged his broad shoulders. "Then I must begin," said he, "by binding you both to absolute secrecy for two years, at the end of that time the matter will be of no importance. At present it is not too much to say that it is of such weight that it may have an influence upon European history."

"I promise," said Holmes.

"And I."

"You will excuse this mask," continued our strange visitor. "The august person who employs me wishes his agent to be unknown to you, and I may confess at once that the title by which I have just called myself is not exactly my own."

"I was aware of it," said Holmes dryly.

"The circumstances are of great delicacy, and every precaution has to be taken to quench what might grow to be an immense scandal and seriously compromise one of the reigning families of Europe. To speak plainly, the matter implicates the great House of Ormstein, hereditary kings of Bohemia."

"I was also aware of that," murmured Holmes, settling himself down in his arm-chair, and closing his eyes.

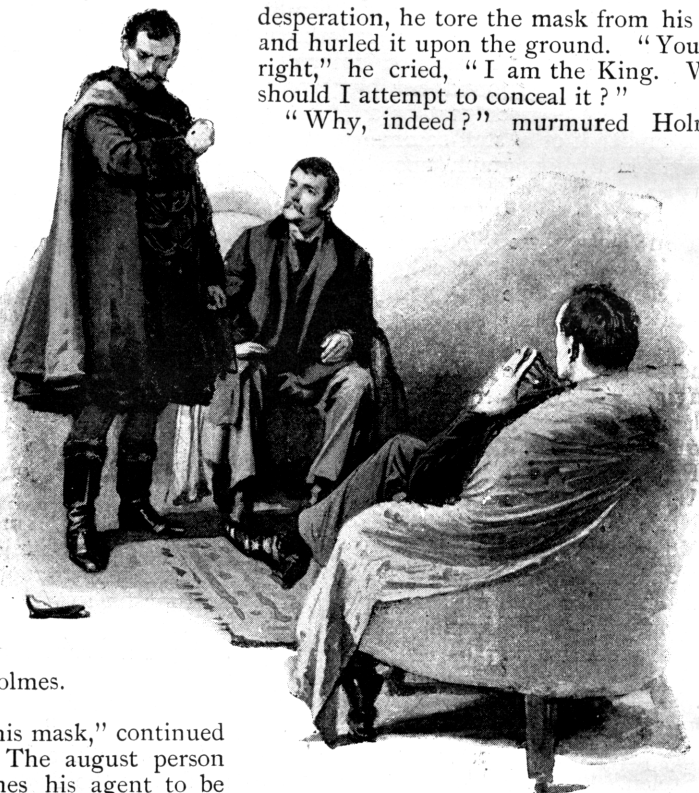
Our visitor glanced with some apparent surprise at the languid, lounging figure of the man who had been no doubt depicted to him as the most incisive reasoner, and most energetic agent in Europe. Holmes slowly reopened his eyes, and looked impatiently at his gigantic client.

"If your Majesty would condescend to state your case," he remarked, "I should be better able to advise you."

The man sprang from his chair, and paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. Then, with a gesture of

desperation, he tore the mask from his face and hurled it upon the ground. "You are right," he cried, "I am the King. Why should I attempt to conceal it?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured Holmes.



"HE TORE THE MASK FROM HIS FACE."

"Your Majesty had not spoken before I was aware that I was addressing Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismund von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein, and hereditary King of Bohemia."

"But you can understand," said our strange visitor, sitting down once more and passing his hand over his high, white forehead, "you can understand that I am not accustomed to doing such business in my own person. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not confide it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come *incognito* from Prague for the purpose of consulting you."

"Then, pray consult," said Holmes, shutting his eyes once more.

"The facts are briefly these: Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made the acquaintance of the well-known adventuress Irene Adler. The name is no doubt familiar to you."

"Kindly look her up in my index, Doctor," murmured Holmes, without opening his eyes. For many years he had adopted a system of docketing all paragraphs concern-

ing men and things, so that it was difficult to name a subject or a person on which he could not at once furnish information. In this case I found her biography sandwiched in between that of a Hebrew Rabbi and that of a staff-commander who had written a monograph upon the deep sea fishes.

"Let me see?" said Holmes. "Hum! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto—hum! La Scala, hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw—Yes! Retired from operatic stage—ha! Living in London—quite so! Your Majesty, as I understand, became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters, and is now desirous of getting those letters back."

"Precisely so. But how——"

"Was there a secret marriage?"

"None."

"No legal papers or certificates?"

"None."

"Then I fail to follow your Majesty. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove their authenticity?"

"There is the writing."

"Pooh, pooh! Forgery."

"My private notepaper."

"Stolen."

"My own seal."

"Imitated."

"My photograph."

"Bought."

"We were both in the photograph."

"Oh dear! That is very bad! Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion."

"I was mad—insane."

"You have compromised yourself seriously."

"I was only Crown Prince then. I was young. I am but thirty now."

"It must be recovered."

"We have tried and failed."

"Your Majesty must pay. It must be bought."

"She will not sell."

"Stolen, then."

"Five attempts have been made. Twice burglars in my pay ransacked her house. Once we diverted her luggage when she travelled. Twice she has been waylaid. There has been no result."

"No sign of it?"

"Absolutely none."

Holmes laughed. "It is quite a pretty little problem," said he.

"But a very serious one to me," returned the King, reproachfully.

"Very, indeed. And what does she propose to do with the photograph?"

"To ruin me."

"But how?"

"I am about to be married."

"So I have heard."

"To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. You may know the strict principles of her family. She is herself the very soul of delicacy. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring the matter to an end."

"And Irene Adler?"

"Threatens to send them the photograph. And she will do it. I know that she will do it. You do not know her, but she has a soul of steel. She has the face of the most beautiful of women, and the mind of the most resolute of men. Rather than I should marry another woman, there are no lengths to which she would not go—none."

"You are sure that she has not sent it yet?"

"I am sure."

"And why?"

"Because she has said that she would send it on the day when the betrothal was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday."

"Oh, then, we have three days yet," said Holmes, with a yawn. "That is very fortunate, as I have one or two matters of importance to look into just at present. Your Majesty will, of course, stay in London for the present?"

"Certainly. You will find me at the Langham, under the name of the Count Von Kramm."

"Then I shall drop you a line to let you know how we progress."

"Pray do so. I shall be all anxiety."

"Then, as to money?"

"You have *carte blanche*."

"Absolutely?"

"I tell you that I would give one of the provinces of my kingdom to have that photograph."

"And for present expenses?"

The king took a heavy chamois leather bag from under his cloak, and laid it on the table.

"There are three hundred pounds in gold, and seven hundred in notes," he said.

Holmes scribbled a receipt upon a sheet of his note-book, and handed it to him.

"And mademoiselle's address?" he asked.

"Is Briony Lodge, Serpentine-avenue, St. John's Wood."

Holmes took a note of it. "One other question," said he. "Was the photograph a cabinet?"

"It was."

"Then, good night, your Majesty, and I trust that we shall soon have some good news for you. And good night, Watson," he added, as the wheels of the Royal brougham rolled down the street. "If you will be good enough to call to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock, I should like to chat this little matter over with you."

## II.

At three o'clock precisely I was at Baker-street, but Holmes had not yet returned. The landlady informed me that he had left the house shortly after eight o'clock in the morning. I sat down beside the fire, however, with the intention of awaiting him, however long he might be. I was already deeply interested in his inquiry, for, though it was surrounded by none of the grim and strange features which were associated with the two crimes which I have already recorded, still, the nature of the case and the exalted station of his client gave it a character of its own. Indeed, apart from the nature of the investigation which my friend had on hand, there was something in his masterly grasp of a situation, and his keen, incisive reasoning, which made it a pleasure to me to study his system of work, and to follow the quick, subtle methods by which he disentangled the most inextricable mysteries. So accustomed was I to his in-

variable success that the very possibility of his failing had ceased to enter into my head.

It was close upon four before the door opened, and a drunken-looking groom, ill-kempt and side-whiskered, with an inflamed face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room. Accustomed as I was to my friend's amazing powers in the use of disguises, I had to look three times before I was certain that it was indeed he. With a

nod he vanished into the bedroom, whence he emerged in five minutes tweed-suited and respectable, as of old. Putting his hands into his pockets, he stretched out his legs in front of the fire, and laughed heartily for some minutes.

"Well, really!" he cried, and then he choked; and laughed again until he was obliged to lie back, limp and helpless, in the chair.

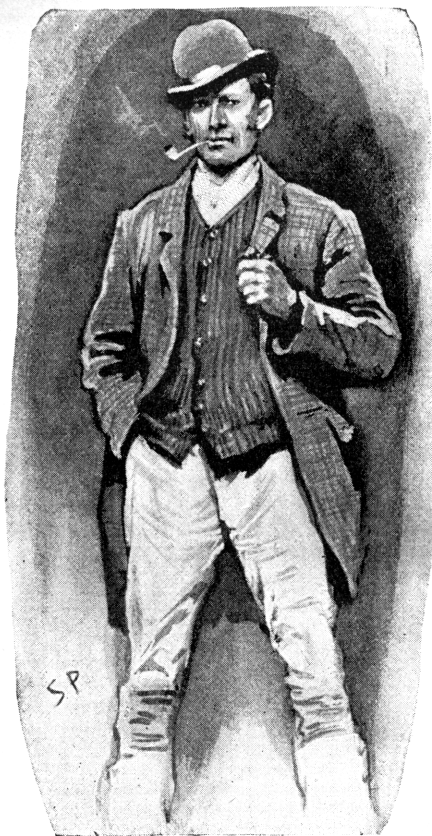
"What is it?"

"It's quite too funny. I am sure you could never guess how I employed my morning, or what I ended by doing."

"I can't imagine. I suppose that you have been watching the habits, and perhaps the house, of Miss Irene Adler."

"Quite so, but the sequel was rather unusual. I will tell you, however. I left the

house a little after eight o'clock this morning, in the character of a groom out of work. There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horsey men. Be one of them, and you will know all that there is to know. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is a *bijou* villa, with a garden at the back, but built out in front right up to the road, two stories. Chubb lock to the door. Large sitting-room on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor, and those preposterous



"A DRUNKEN-LOOKING GROOM."

English window fasteners which a child could open. Behind there was nothing remarkable, save that the passage window could be reached from the top of the coach-house. I walked round it and examined it closely from every point of view, but without noting anything else of interest.

"I then lounged down the street, and found, as I expected, that there was a mews in a lane which runs down by one wall of the garden. I lent the ostlers a hand in rubbing down their horses, and I received in exchange twopence, a glass of half-and-half, two fills of shag tobacco, and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of half a dozen other people in the neighbourhood in whom I was not in the least interested, but whose biographies I was compelled to listen to."

"And what of Irene Adler?" I asked.

"Oh, she has turned all the men's heads down in that part. She is the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet. So say the Serpentine-mews, to a man. She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five every day, and returns at seven sharp for dinner. Seldom goes out at other times, except when she sings. Has only one male visitor, but a good deal of him. He is dark, handsome, and dashing; never calls less than once a day, and often twice. He is a Mr. Godfrey Norton, of the Inner Temple. See the advantages of a cabman as a confidant. They had driven him home a dozen times from Serpentine-mews, and knew all about him. When I had listened to all that they had to tell, I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge once more, and to think over my plan of campaign.

"This Godfrey Norton was evidently an important factor in the matter. He was a lawyer. That sounded ominous. What was the relation between them, and what the object of his repeated visits? Was she his client, his friend, or his mistress? If the former, she had probably transferred the photograph to his keeping. If the latter, it was less likely. On the issue of this question depended whether I should continue my work at Briony Lodge, or turn my attention to the gentleman's chambers in the Temple. It was a delicate point, and it widened the field of my inquiry. I fear that I bore you with these details, but I have to let you see my little difficulties, if you are to understand the situation."

"I am following you closely," I answered.

"I was still balancing the matter in my mind, when a hansom cab drove up to Briony Lodge, and a gentleman sprang out. He was a remarkably handsome man, dark, aquiline, and moustached—evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who opened the door with the air of a man who was thoroughly at home.

"He was in the house about half an hour, and I could catch glimpses of him, in the windows of the sitting-room, pacing up and down, talking excitedly and waving his arms. Of her I could see nothing. Presently he emerged, looking even more flurried than before. As he stepped up to the cab, he pulled a gold watch from his pocket and looked at it earnestly. 'Drive like the devil,' he shouted, 'first to Gross & Hankey's in Regent-street, and then to the church of St. Monica in the Edgware-road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes!'

"Away they went, and I was just wondering whether I should not do well to follow them, when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with his coat only half buttoned, and his tie under his ear, while all the tags of his harness were sticking out of the buckles. It hadn't pulled up before she shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimpse of her at the moment, but she was a lovely woman, with a face that a man might die for.

"'The Church of St. Monica, John,' she cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.'

"This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing whether I should run for it, or whether I should perch behind her landau, when a cab came through the street. The driver looked twice at such a shabby fare; but I jumped in before he could object. 'The Church of St. Monica,' said I, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.' It was twenty-five minutes to twelve, and of course it was clear enough what was in the wind.

"My cabby drove fast. I don't think I ever drove faster, but the others were there before us. The cab and the landau with their steaming horses were in front of the door when I arrived. I paid the man, and hurried into the church. There was not a soul there save the two whom I had followed and a surpliced clergyman, who seemed to be expostulating with them. They were all three standing in a knot in



front of the altar. I lounged up the side aisle like any other idler who has dropped into a church. Suddenly, to my surprise, the three at the altar faced round to me, and Godfrey Norton came running as hard as he could towards me."

"Thank God!" hecried. "You'll do. Come! Come!"

"What then?" I asked.

"Come man, come, only three minutes, or it won't be legal."

I was half dragged up to the altar, and, before I knew where I was, I found myself mumbling responses which were whispered in my ear, and vouching for things of which I knew nothing, and generally assisting in the secure tying up of Irene Adler, spinster, to Godfrey Norton, bachelor. It was all done in an instant, and there was the gentleman thanking me on the one side and the lady on the other, while the clergyman beamed on me in front. It was the most preposterous position in which I ever found myself in my life, and it was the thought of it that started me laughing just now. It seems that there had been some informality about their licence, that the clergyman absolutely refused to marry them without a witness of some sort, and that my lucky appearance saved the bridegroom from having to sally out into the streets in search of a best man. The bride gave me a sovereign, and I mean to wear it on my watch chain in memory of the occasion."

"This is a very unexpected turn of affairs," said I; "and what then?"

"Well, I found my plans very seriously menaced. It looked as if the pair might take an immediate departure, and so necessitate very prompt and energetic measures

on my part. At the church door, however, they separated, he driving back to the Temple, and she to her own house. 'I shall drive out in the Park at five as usual,' she said as she left him. I heard no more. They drove away in different directions, and I went off to make my own arrangements."

"Which are?"

"Some cold beef and a glass of beer," he answered, ringing the bell. "I have been too busy to think of food, and I am likely to be busier still this evening. By the way, Doctor, I shall want your co-operation."

"I shall be delighted."

"You don't mind breaking the law?"

"Not in the least."

"Nor running a chance of arrest?"

"Not in a good cause."

"Oh, the cause is excellent!"

"Then I am your man."

"I was sure that I might rely on you."

"But what is it you wish?"

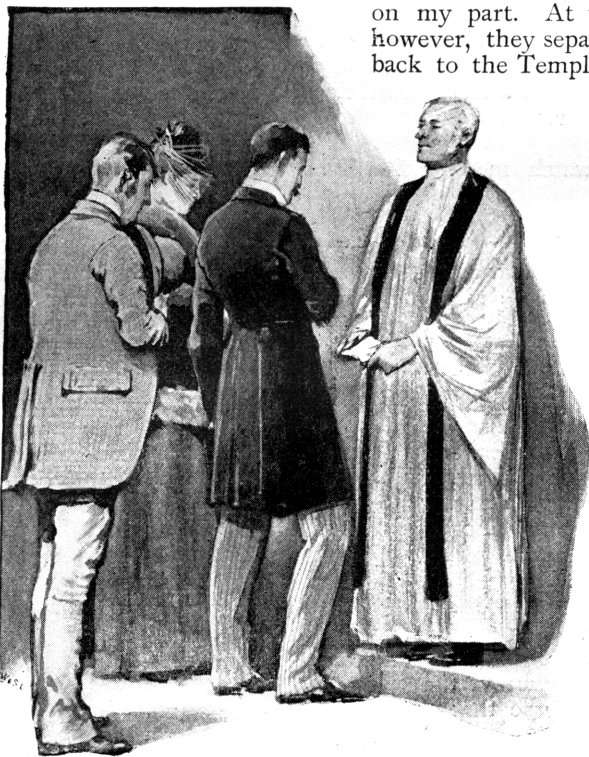
"When Mrs. Turner has brought in the tray I will make it clear to you. Now," he said, as he turned hungrily on the simple fare that our landlady had provided, "I must discuss it while I eat, for I have not much time. It is nearly five now. In two hours we must be on the scene of action. Miss Irene, or Madame, rather, returns from her drive at seven. We must be at Briony Lodge to meet her."

"And what then?"

"You must leave that to me. I have already arranged what is to occur. There is only one point on which I must insist. You must not interfere, come what may. You understand?"

"I am to be neutral?"

"To do nothing whatever. There will probably be some small unpleasantness.



"I FOUND MYSELF MUMBLING RESPONSES."

Do not join in it. It will end in my being conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes afterwards the sitting-room window will open. You are to station yourself close to that open window."

"Yes."

"You are to watch me, for I will be visible to you."

"Yes."

"And when I raise my hand—so—you will throw into the room what I give you to throw, and will, at the same time, raise the cry of fire. You quite follow me?"

"Entirely."

"It is nothing very formidable," he said, taking a long cigar-shaped roll from his pocket. "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting. Your task is confined to that. When you raise your cry of fire, it will be taken up by quite a number of people. You may then walk to the end of the street, and I will rejoin you in ten minutes. I hope that I have made myself clear?"

"I am to remain neutral, to get near the window, to watch you, and, at the signal, to throw in this object, then to raise the cry of fire, and to wait you at the corner of the street."

"Precisely."

"Then you may entirely rely on me."

"That is excellent. I think perhaps it is almost time that I prepared for the new rôle I have to play."

He disappeared into his bedroom, and returned in a few minutes in the character of an amiable and simple-minded Nonconformist clergyman. His broad black hat, his baggy trousers, his white tie, his sympathetic smile, and general look of peering and benevolent curiosity were such as Mr. John Hare alone could have equalled. It was not merely that Holmes changed his costume. His expression, his manner, his very soul seemed to vary with every fresh part that he assumed. The stage lost a fine actor, even as science lost an acute

reasoner, when he became a specialist in crime.

It was a quarter past six when we left Baker-street, and it still wanted ten minutes to the hour when we found ourselves in Serpentine-avenue. It was already dusk, and the lamps were just being lighted as we paced up and down in front of Briony Lodge, waiting for the coming of its occupant. The house was just such as I had pictured it from Sherlock Holmes' succinct description, but the locality appeared to be less private than I expected. On the contrary,

for a small street in a quiet neighbourhood, it was remarkably animated. There was a group of shabbily-dressed men smoking and laughing in a corner, a scissors grinder with his wheel, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse-girl, and several well-dressed young men who were lounging up and down with cigars in their mouths.

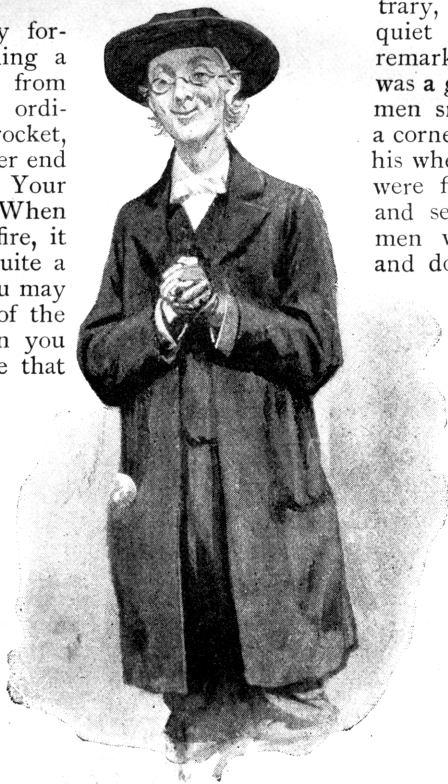
"You see," remarked Holmes, as we paced to and fro in front of the house, "this marriage rather simplifies matters. The photograph becomes a double-edged weapon now. The chances are that she would be as averse to its being seen by Mr. Godfrey Norton, as our client is to its coming to the eyes of his Princess. Now the question is—Where are we to find the photograph?"

"Where, indeed?"

"It is most unlikely that she carries it about with her. It is cabinet size. Too large for easy concealment about a woman's dress. She knows that the King is capable of having her waylaid and searched. Two attempts of the sort have already been made. We may take it then that she does not carry it about with her."

"Where, then?"

"Her banker or her lawyer. There is that double possibility. But I am inclined to think neither. Women are naturally secretive, and they like to do their own secreting. Why should she hand it over



"A SIMPLE MINDED CLERGYMAN."

to anyone else? She could trust her own guardianship, but she could not tell what indirect or political influence might be brought to bear upon a business man. Besides, remember that she had resolved to use it within a few days. It must be where she can lay her hands upon it. It must be in her own house."

"But it has twice been burgled."

"Pshaw! They did not know how to look."

"But how will you look?"

"I will not look."

"What then?"

"I will get her to show me."

"But she will refuse."

"She will not be able to. But I hear the rumble of wheels. It is her carriage. Now carry out my orders to the letter."

As he spoke the gleam of the sidelights of a carriage came round the curve of the avenue. It was a smart little landau which rattled up to the door of Briony Lodge. As it pulled up one of the loafing men at

the corner dashed forward to open the door in the hope of earning a copper, but was elbowed away by another loafer who had rushed up with the same intention. A fierce quarrel broke out, which was increased by the two guardsmen, who took sides with one of the loungers, and by the scissors grinder, who was equally hot upon the other side. A blow was struck, and in an instant the lady, who had stepped from her carriage, was the centre of a little knot of flushed and struggling men who struck savagely at each other with their fists and sticks. Holmes dashed into the crowd to protect the lady; but, just as he reached her, he gave a cry and dropped to the ground, with the blood running freely down his face. At his fall the guardsmen took to their heels in one direction and the loungers in the other, while a number of better dressed people who had watched the scuffle without taking part in it, crowded in to help the lady and to attend to the injured man. Irene Adler, as I will still call

her, had hurried up the steps; but she stood at the top with her superb figure outlined against the lights of the hall, looking back into the street.

"Is the poor gentleman much hurt?" she asked.

"He is dead," cried several voices.

"No, no, there's life in him," shouted another. "But he'll be gone before you can get him to hospital."

"He's a brave fellow," said a woman. "They would have had the lady's purse and watch if it hadn't been for him. They were a gang, and a rough one too. Ah, he's breathing now."

"He can't lie in the street. May we bring him in, marm?"

"Surely. Bring him into the sitting-



"HE GAVE A CRY AND DROPPED."

room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please!"

Slowly and solemnly he was borne into Briony Lodge, and laid out in the principal room, while I still observed the proceedings from my post by the window. The lamps had been lit, but the blinds had not been drawn, so that I could see Holmes as he lay upon the couch. I do not know whether he was seized with compunction at that moment for the part he was playing, but I know that I never felt more heartily ashamed of myself in my life than when I saw the beautiful creature against whom I was conspiring, or the grace and kindness with which she waited upon the injured man. And yet it would be the blackest treachery to Holmes to draw back now from the part which he had entrusted to me. I hardened my heart, and took the smoke-rocket from under my ulster. After all, I thought, we are not injuring her. We are but preventing her from injuring another.

Holmes had sat up upon the couch, and I saw him motion like a man who is in need of air. A maid rushed across and threw open the window. At the same instant I saw him raise his hand, and at the signal I tossed my rocket into the room with a cry of "Fire." The word was no sooner out of my mouth than the whole crowd of spectators, well dressed and ill—gentlemen, ostlers, and servant maids—joined in a general shriek of "Fire." Thick clouds of smoke curled through the room, and out at the open window. I caught a glimpse of rushing figures, and a moment later the voice of Holmes from within, assuring them that it was a false alarm. Slipping through the shouting crowd I made my way to the corner of the street, and in ten minutes was rejoiced to find my friend's arm in mine, and to get away from the scene of uproar. He walked swiftly and in silence for some few minutes, until we had turned down one of the quiet streets which lead towards the Edgware-road.

"You did it very nicely, Doctor," he remarked. "Nothing could have been better. It is all right."

"You have the photograph!"

"I know where it is."

"And how did you find out?"

"She showed me, as I told you that she would."

"I am still in the dark."

"I do not wish to make a mystery," said he laughing. "The matter was perfectly

simple. You, of course, saw that everyone in the street was an accomplice. They were all engaged for the evening."

"I guessed as much."

"Then, when the row broke out, I had a little moist red paint in the palm of my hand. I rushed forward, fell down, clapped my hand to my face, and became a piteous spectacle. It is an old trick."

"That also I could fathom."

"Then they carried me in. She was bound to have me in. What else could she do? And into her sitting-room, which was the very room which I suspected. It lay between that and her bedroom, and I was determined to see which. They laid me on a couch, I motioned for air, they were compelled to open the window, and you had your chance."

"How did that help you?"

"It was all-important. When a woman thinks that her house is on fire, her instinct is at once to rush to the thing which she values most. It is a perfectly overpowering impulse, and I have more than once taken advantage of it. In the case of the Darlington Substitution Scandal it was of use to me, and also in the Arnsworth Castle business. A married woman grabs at her baby—an unmarried one reaches for her jewel box. Now it was clear to me that our lady of to-day had nothing in the house more precious to her than what we are in quest of. She would rush to secure it. The alarm of fire was admirably done. The smoke and shouting were enough to shake nerves of steel. She responded beautifully. The photograph is in a recess behind a sliding panel just above the right bell pull. She was there in an instant, and I caught a glimpse of it as she half drew it out. When I cried out that it was a false alarm, she replaced it, glanced at the rocket, rushed from the room, and I have not seen her since. I rose, and, making my excuses, escaped from the house. I hesitated whether to attempt to secure the photograph at once; but the coachman had come in, and, as he was watching me narrowly, it seemed safer to wait. A little over-precipitance may ruin all."

"And now?" I asked.

"Our quest is practically finished. I shall call with the King to-morrow, and with you, if you care to come with us. We will be shown into the sitting-room to wait for the lady, but it is probable that when she comes she may find neither us nor the photograph. It might be a satisfaction to

His Majesty to regain it with his own hands."

"And when will you call?"

"At eight in the morning. She will not be up, so that we shall have a clear field. Besides, we must be prompt, for this marriage may mean a complete change in her life and habits. I must wire to the King without delay."

We had reached Baker-street, and had stopped at the door. He was searching his pockets for the key, when someone passing said:—

"Good-night, Mister Sherlock Holmes."

There were several people on the pavement at the time, but the greeting appeared to come from a slim youth in an ulster who had hurried by.

"I've heard that voice before," said Holmes, staring down the dimly lit street. "Now, I wonder who the deuce that could have been."

### III.

I SLEPT at Baker-street that night, and we were engaged upon our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia rushed into the room.

"You have really got it!" he cried, grasping Sherlock Holmes by either shoulder, and looking eagerly into his face.

"Not yet."

"But you have hopes?"

"I have hopes."

"Then, come. I am all impatience to be gone."

"We must have a cab."

"No, my brougham is waiting."

"Then that will simplify matters." We descended, and started off once more for Briony Lodge.

"Irene Adler is married," remarked Holmes.

"Married! When?"

"Yesterday."

"But to whom?"

"To an English lawyer named Norton."

"But she could not love him?"

"I am in hopes that she does."

"And why in hopes?"

"Because it would spare your Majesty all fear of future annoyance. If the lady loves her husband, she does not love your Majesty. If she does not love your Majesty, there is no reason why she should interfere with your Majesty's plan."

"It is true. And yet—! Well! I wish she had been of my own station! What a queen she would have made!" He relapsed into a moody silence which was not broken, until we drew up in Serpentine-avenue.

The door of Briony Lodge was open, and an elderly woman stood upon the steps. She watched us with a sardonic eye as we stepped from the brougham.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?" said she.

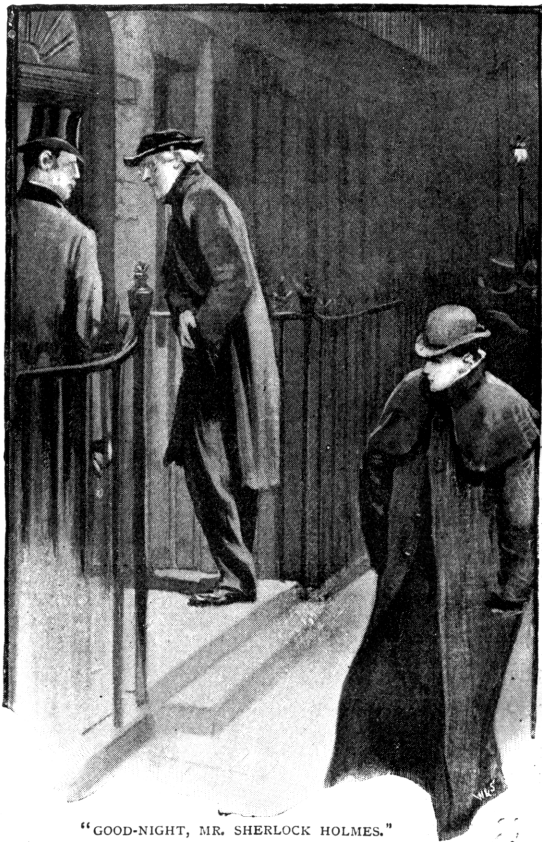
"I am Mr. Holmes," answered my companion, looking at her with a questioning and rather startled gaze.

"Indeed! My mistress told me that you were likely to call. She

left this morning with her husband, by the 5.15 train from Charing-cross, for the Continent."

"What!" Sherlock Holmes staggered back, white with chagrin and surprise. "Do you mean that she has left England?"

"Never to return."



"GOOD-NIGHT, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES."



"And the papers?" asked the King, hoarsely. "All is lost."

"We shall see." He pushed past the servant, and rushed into the drawing-room, followed by the King and myself. The furniture was scattered about in every direction, with dismantled shelves, and open drawers, as if the lady had hurriedly ransacked them before her flight. Holmes rushed at the bell-pull, tore back a small sliding shutter, and, plunging in his hand, pulled out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was superscribed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq. To be left till called for." My friend tore it open, and we all three read it together. It was dated at midnight of the preceding night, and ran in this way:—

"MY DEAR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES,—You really did it very well. You took me in completely. Until after the alarm of fire, I had not a suspicion. But then, when I found how I had betrayed myself, I began to think. I had been warned against you months ago. I had been told that, if the King employed an agent, it would certainly be you. And your address had been given me. Yet, with all this, you made me reveal what you wanted to know. Even after I became suspicious, I found it hard to think evil of such a dear, kind old clergyman. But, you know, I have been trained as an actress myself. Male costume is nothing new to me. I often take advantage of the freedom which it gives. I sent John, the coachman, to watch you, ran upstairs, got into my walking clothes, as I call them, and came down just as you departed.

"Well, I followed you to your door, and so made sure that I was really an object of interest to the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Then I, rather imprudently, wished you good night, and started for the Temple to see my husband.

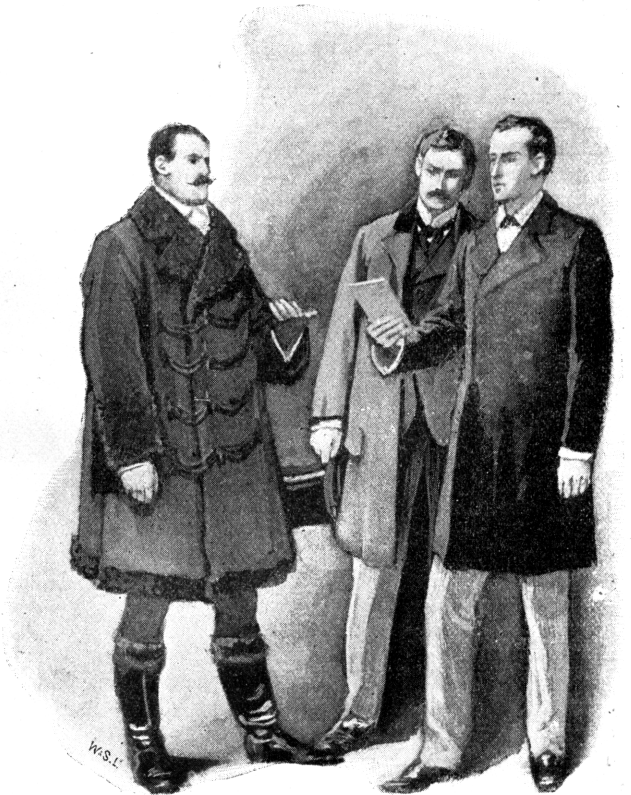
"We both thought the best resource was flight, when pursued by so formidable an antagonist; so you will find

the nest empty when you call to-morrow. As to the photograph, your client may rest in peace. I love and am loved by a better man than he. The King may do what he will without hindrance from one whom he has cruelly wronged. I keep it only to safeguard myself, and to preserve a weapon which will always secure me from any steps which he might take in the future. I leave a photograph which he might care to possess; and I remain, dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes, very truly yours,

"IRENE NORTON, *née* ADLER."

"What a woman—oh, what a woman!" cried the King of Bohemia, when we had all three read this epistle. "Did I not tell you how quick and resolute she was? Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity that she was not on my level?"

"From what I have seen of the lady, she seems, indeed, to be on a very different level to your Majesty," said Holmes, coldly. "I am sorry that I have not been able to



"THIS PHOTOGRAPH!"

bring your Majesty's business to a more successful conclusion."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," cried the King. "Nothing could be more successful. I know that her word is inviolate. The photograph is now as safe as if it were in the fire."

"I am glad to hear your Majesty say so."

"I am immensely indebted to you. Pray tell me in what way I can reward you. This ring——." He slipped an emerald snake ring from his finger, and held it out upon the palm of his hand.

"Your Majesty has something which I should value even more highly," said Holmes.

"You have but to name it."

"This photograph!"

The King stared at him in amazement.

"Irene's photograph!" he cried. "Certainly, if you wish it."

"I thank your Majesty. Then there is no more to be done in the matter. I have the honour to wish you a very good morning." He bowed, and, turning away without observing the hand which the King had stretched out to him, he set off in my company for his chambers.

And that was how a great scandal threatened to affect the kingdom of Bohemia, and how the best plans of Mr. Sherlock Holmes were beaten by a woman's wit. He used to make merry over the cleverness of women, but I have not heard him do it of late. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, or when he refers to her photograph, it is always under the honourable title of *the* woman.

## The Bundle of Letters.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF MORITZ JOKAI.



ONE of the celebrated medical practitioners of Pesth, Dr. K——, was one morning, at an early hour, obliged to receive a very pressing visitor. The man, who was waiting in the ante-room, sent in word by the footman that all delay would be dangerous to him ; he had, therefore, to be received immediately.

The doctor hastily wrapped a dressing-gown about him, and directed the patient to be admitted to him.

He found himself in the presence of a man who was a complete stranger to him, but who appeared to belong to the best society, judging from his manners. On his

"You are Dr. K——?" he asked in a low and feeble tone of voice.

"That is my name, sir."

"Living in the country, I have not the honour of knowing you, except by reputation. But I cannot say that I am delighted to make your acquaintance, because my visit to you is not a very agreeable one."

Seeing that the sufferer's legs were hardly able to sustain him, the doctor invited him to be seated.

"I am fatigued. It is a week since I had any sleep. Something is the matter with my right hand ; I don't what it is—whether it is a carbuncle, or cancer. At first the pain was slight, but now it is a continuous horrible burning, increasing from day to day. I could bear it no longer, so threw myself into my carriage and came to you, to beg you to cut out the affected spot, for an hour more of this torture will drive me mad."

The doctor tried to reassure him, by saying that he might be able to cure the pain with dissolvents and ointments, without resorting to the use of the bistory.

"No, no, sir !" cried the patient ; "no plaisters or ointments can give me any relief. I must have the knife. I have come to you to cut out the place which causes me so much suffering."

The doctor asked to see the hand, which the patient held out to him, grinding his teeth, so insufferable appeared to be the pain he was enduring, and with all imaginable precaution he unwound the bandages in which it was enveloped.

"Above all, doctor, I beg of you not to hesitate on account of anything you may see. My disorder is so strange, that you will be surprised ; but do not let that weigh with you."

Doctor K—— reassured the stranger. As



"HE CARRIED HIS RIGHT HAND IN A SLING."

pale face could be discerned traces of great physical and moral sufferings. He carried his right hand in a sling, and, though he tried to restrain himself, he now and then could not prevent a stifled sigh escaping from his lips.

a doctor in practice he was used to see everything, and there was nothing that could surprise him.

What he saw when the hand was freed from its bandages stupefied him nevertheless. Nothing abnormal was to be seen in it—neither wound nor graze; it was a hand like any other. Bewildered, he let it fall from his own.

A cry of pain escaped from the stranger, who raised the afflicted member with his left hand, showing the doctor that he had not come with the intention of mystifying him, and that he was really suffering.

"Where is the sensitive spot?"

"Here, sir," said the stranger, indicating on the back of his hand a point where two large veins crossed, his whole frame trembling when the doctor lightly touched it with the tip of his finger.

"It is here that the burning pain makes itself felt?"

"Abominably!"

"Do you feel the pressure when I place my finger on it?"

The man made no reply, but his eyes filled with tears, so acute was his suffering.

"It is surprising! I can see nothing at that place."

"Nor can I; yet what I feel there is so terrible that at times I am almost driven to dash my head against the wall."

The doctor examined the spot with a magnifying-glass, then shook his head.

"The skin is full of life; the blood within it circulates regularly; there is neither inflammation nor cancer under it; it is as healthy at that spot as elsewhere."

"Yet I think it is a little redder there."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket book and traced on his hand a ring about the size of a sixpenny-piece, and said:

"It is there."

The doctor looked in his face; he was beginning to believe that his patient's mind was unwhinged.

"Remain here," he said, "and in a few days I'll cure you."

"I cannot wait. Don't think that I am a madman, a maniac; it is not in that way that you would cure me. The little circle which I have marked with my pencil causes me infernal tortures, and I have come to you to cut it away."

"That I cannot do," said the doctor.

"Why?"

"Because your hand exhibits no pathological disorder. I see at the spot you have

indicated nothing more amiss than on my own hand."

"You really seem to think that I have gone out of my senses, or that I have come here to mock you," said the stranger, taking from his pocket-book a bank-note for a thousand florins, and laying it on the table. "Now, sir, you see that I am not playing off any childish jest, and that the service I seek of you is as urgent as it is important. I beg you to remove this part of my hand."

"I repeat, sir, that for all the treasures in the world you cannot make me regard as unsound a member that is perfectly sound, and still less induce me to cut it with my instruments."

"And why not?"

"Because such an act would cast a doubt upon my medical knowledge and compromise my reputation. Everybody would say that you were mad; that I was dishonest in taking advantage of your condition, or ignorant in not perceiving it."

"Very well. I will only ask a small service of you, then. I am myself capable of making the incision. I shall do it rather clumsily with my left hand; but that does not matter. Be good enough only to bind up the wound after the operation."



"HE TOOK A BISTORY IN HIS LEFT HAND."

It was with astonishment that the doctor saw that this strange man was speaking seriously. He stripped off his coat, turned up the wristbands of his shirt, and took a bistory in his left hand.

A second later, and the steel had made a deep incision in the skin.

"Stay!" cried the doctor, who feared that his patient might, through his awkwardness, sever some important organ. "Since you have determined on the operation, let me perform it."

He took the bistory, and placing in his left hand the right hand of the patient, begged him to turn away his face, the sight of blood being insupportable to many persons.

"Quite needless. On the contrary, it is I who must direct you where to cut."

In fact he watched the operation to the end with the greatest coolness, indicating the limits of the incisions. The open hand did not even quiver in that of the doctor, and when the circular piece was removed, he sighed profoundly, like a man experiencing an enormous relief.

"Nothing burns you now?"

"All has ceased," said the stranger, smiling. "The pain has completely disappeared, as if it had been carried away with the part excised. The little discomfort which the flowing of blood causes me, compared with the other pain, is like a fresh breeze after a blast from the infernal regions. It does me a real good to see my blood pouring forth: let it flow, it does me extreme good."

The stranger watched with an expression of delight the blood pouring from the wound, and the doctor was obliged to insist on binding up the hand.

During the bandaging the aspect of his face completely changed. It no longer bore a dolorous expression, but a look full of good humour was turned upon the doctor. No more contraction of the features, no more despair. A taste for life had returned; the brow was once again calmed; the colour found its way back to the cheeks. The entire man exhibited a complete transformation.

As soon as his hand was laid in the sling he warmly wrung the doctor's hand with the one that remained free, and said cordially:

"Accept my sincere thanks. You have positively cured me. The trifling remuneration I offer you is not at all proportioned to the service you have rendered me: for the rest of my life I shall search for the means of repaying my debt to you."

The doctor would not listen to anything of the kind, and refused to accept the thousand florins placed on the table. On his side the stranger refused to take them back, and, observing that the doctor was losing his temper, begged him to make a present of the money to some hospital, and took his departure.

K— remained for several days at his town house until the wound in his patient's hand should be cicatrised, which it did without the least accident. During this time the doctor was able to satisfy himself that he had to do with a man of extensive knowledge, reflective, and having very positive opinions in regard to the affairs of life. Besides being rich, he occupied an important official position. Since the taking away of his invisible pain, no trace of moral or physical malady was discoverable in him.

The cure completed, the man returned tranquilly to his residence in the country.

About three weeks had passed when, one morning, at an hour as unduly as before, the servant again announced the strange patient.

The stranger, whom K— hastened to receive, entered the room with his right hand in a sling, his features convulsed and hardly recognisable from suffering. Without waiting to be invited to sit down, he sank into a chair, and, being unable to master the torture he was enduring, groaned, and without uttering a word, held out his hand to the doctor.

"What has happened?" asked K—, stupefied.

"We have not cut deep enough," replied the stranger, sadly, and in a fainting voice. "It burns me more cruelly than before. I am worn out by it; my arm is stiffened by it. I did not wish to trouble you a second time, and have borne it, hoping that by degrees the invisible inflammation would either mount to my head or descend to my heart, and put an end to my miserable existence; but it has not done so. The pain never goes beyond the spot, but it is indescribable! Look at my face, and you will be able to imagine what it must be!"

The colour of the man's skin was that of wax, and a cold perspiration beaded his forehead. The doctor unbound the bandaged hand. The point operated on was well healed; a new skin had formed, and nothing extraordinary was to be seen. The sufferer's pulse beat quickly, without feverishness, while yet he trembled in every limb.



"This really smacks of the marvellous!" exclaimed the doctor, more and more astonished. "I have never before seen such a case."

"It is a prodigy, a horrible prodigy, doctor. Do not try to find a cause for it, but deliver me from this torment. Take your knife and cut deeper and wider: only that can relieve me."

The doctor was obliged to give in to the prayers of his patient. He performed the operation once again, cutting into the flesh more deeply; and, once more, he saw in the sufferer's face the expression of astonishing relief, the curiosity at seeing the blood flow from the wound, which he had observed on the first occasion.

When the hand was dressed, the deadly pallor passed from the face, the colour returned to the cheeks; but the patient no more smiled. This time he thanked the doctor sadly.

"I thank you, doctor," he said. "The pain has once more left me. In a few days the wound will heal. Do not be astonished, however, to see me return before a month has passed."

"Oh! my dear sir, drive this idea from your mind."

The doctor mentioned this strange case to several of his colleagues, who each held a different opinion in regard to it, without any of them being able to furnish a plausible explanation of its nature.

As the end of the month approached, K— awaited with anxiety the reappearance of this enigmatic personage. But the month passed and he did not reappear.

Several weeks more went by. At length the doctor received a letter from the sufferer's residence. It was very closely written, and by the signa-

ture he saw that it had been penned by his patient's own hand; from which he concluded that the pain had not returned, for otherwise it would have been very difficult for him to have held a pen.

These are the contents of the letter:—

"Dear doctor, I cannot leave either you or medical science in doubt in regard to the mystery of the strange malady which will shortly carry me to the grave.

"I will here tell you the origin of this terrible malady. For the past week it has returned the third time, and I will no longer struggle with it. At this moment I am only able to write by placing upon the sensitive spot a piece of burning tinder in the form of a poultice. While the tinder is burning I do not feel the other pain; and what distress it causes me is a mere trifle by comparison.

"Six months ago I was still a happy man.



"EVERY DAY APPEARED HAPPIER THAN THE ONE BEFORE IT."

I lived on my income without a care. I was on good terms with everybody, and enjoyed all that is of interest to a man of five-and-thirty. I had married a year before—married for love—a young lady, handsome, with a cultivated mind, and a heart as good as any heart could be, who had been a governess in the house of a countess, a neighbour of mine. She was fortuneless, and attached herself to me, not only from gratitude, but still more from real childish affection. Six months passed, during which every day appeared to be happier than the one which had gone before. If, at times, I was obliged to go to Pesth and quit my own land for a day, my wife had not a moment's rest. She would come two leagues on the way to meet me. If I was detained late, she passed a sleepless night waiting for me; and if by prayers I succeeded in inducing her to go and visit her former mistress, who had not ceased to be extremely fond of her, no power could keep her away from her home for more than half a day; and by her regrets for my absence, she invariably spoiled the good-humour of others. Her tenderness for me went so far as to make her renounce dancing, so as not to be obliged to give her hand to strangers, and nothing more displeased her than gallantries addressed to her. In a word, I had for my wife an innocent girl, who thought of nothing but me, and who confessed to me her dreams as enormous crimes, if they were not of me.

"I know not what demon one day whispered in my ear: Suppose that all this were dissimulation? Men are mad enough to seek torments in the midst of their greatest happiness.

"My wife had a work-table, the drawer of which she carefully locked. I had noticed this several times. She never forgot the key, and never left the drawer open.

"That question haunted my mind. What could she be hiding there? I had become mad. I no longer believed either in the innocence of her face or the purity of her looks, nor in her caresses, nor in her kisses. What if all that were hypocrisy?

"One morning the countess came anew to invite her to her house, and, after much pressing, succeeded in inducing her to go and spend the day with her. Our estates were some leagues from each other, and I promised to join my wife in the course of a few hours.

"As soon as the carriage had quitted the courtyard, I collected all the keys in the house and tried them on the lock of the little drawer. One of them opened it. I felt like a man committing his first crime. I was a thief about to surprise the secrets of my poor wife. My hands trembled as I carefully pulled out the drawer, and, one by one, turned over the objects within it, so that no derangement of them might betray the fact of a strange hand having disturbed them. My bosom was oppressed; I was almost stifled. Suddenly—under some lace—I put my hand upon a packet of letters.



"I FELT LIKE A MAN COMMITTING HIS FIRST CRIME."

It was as if a flash of lightning had passed through me from my head to my heart. Oh! they were the sort of letters one recognises at a glance—love letters!

"The packet was tied with a rose-coloured ribbon, edged with silver.

"As I touched that ribbon this thought came into my mind: Is it conceivable?—is this the work of an

honest man? To steal the secrets of his wife!—secrets belonging to the time when she was a young girl. Have I any right to exact from her a reckoning for thoughts she may have had before she belonged to me? Have I any right to be jealous of a time when I was unknown to her? Who could suspect her of a fault? Who? I

am guilty for having suspected her. The demon again whispered in my ears: 'But what if these letters date from a time when you already had a right to know all her thoughts, when you might already be jealous of her dreams, when she was already yours?' I unfastened the ribbon. Nobody saw me. There was not even a mirror to

what I felt? Imagine the intoxication caused by a mortal poison. I read all those letters—every one. Then I put them up again in a packet, retied them with the ribbon, and, replacing them under the lace, relocked the drawer.

"I knew that if she did not see me by noon she would return in the evening from



"SHE KISSED ME WITH EXCESSIVE TENDERNESS."

make me blush for myself. I opened one letter, then another, and I read them to the end.

"Oh, it was a terrible hour for me!

"What was there in these letters? The vilest treason of which a man has ever been the victim. The writer of these letters was one of my intimate friends! And the tone in which they were written!—what passion, what love, certain of being returned! How he spoke of 'keeping the secret!' And all these letters dated at a time when I was married and so happy! How can I tell you

her visit to the countess—as she did. She descended from the *calèche* hurriedly, to rush towards me as I stood awaiting her on the steps. She kissed me with excessive tenderness, and appeared extremely happy to be once again with me. I allowed nothing of what was passing within me to appear in my face. We conversed, we supped together, and each retired to our bed-rooms. I did not close an eye. Broad awake, I counted all the hours. When the clock struck the first quarter after midnight, I rose and entered her room. The beautiful

fair head was there pressed into the white pillows—as angels are painted in the midst of snowy clouds. What a frightful lie of nature's is vice under an aspect so innocent! I was resolved, with the headlong wilfulness of a madman, haunted by a fixed idea. The poison had completely corroded my soul. I resolved to kill her as she lay.

"I pass over the details of the crime. She died without offering the least resistance, as tranquilly as one goes to sleep. She was never irritated against me—even when I killed her. One single drop of blood fell on the back of my hand—you know where. I did not perceive it until the next day, when it was dry.

"We buried her without anybody suspecting the truth. I lived in solitude. Who could have controlled my actions? She had neither parent nor guardian who could have addressed to me any questions on the subject, and I designedly put off sending the customary invitations to the funeral, so that my friends could not arrive in time.

"On returning from the vault I felt not the least weight upon my conscience. I had been cruel, but she had deserved it. I would not hate her—I would forget her. I scarcely thought of her. Never did a man commit an assassination with less remorse than I.

"The countess, so often mentioned, was at the *château* when I returned there. My measures had been so well taken that she also had arrived too late for the interment. On seeing me she appeared greatly agitated. Terror, sympathy, sorrow, or, I know not what, had put so much into her words that I could not understand what she was saying to console me.

"Was I even listening to her? Had I any need of consolation? I was not sad. At last she took me familiarly by the hand, and, dropping her voice, said that she was obliged to confide a secret to me, and that she relied on my honour as a gentleman not to abuse it. She had given my wife a packet of letters to mind, not having been able to keep them in her own house; and these

letters she now requested me to return to her. While she was speaking, I several times felt a shudder run through my frame. With seeming coolness, however, I questioned her as to the contents of the letters. At this interrogation the lady started, and replied angrily:—

"‘Sir, your wife has been more generous than you! When she took charge of *my* letters, she did not demand to know what they contained. She even gave me her promise that she would never set eyes on them, and I am convinced that she never read a line of any one of them. She had a noble heart, and would have been ashamed to forfeit the pledge she had given.’

"‘Very well,’ I replied. ‘How shall I recognise this packet?’

"‘It was tied with a rose-coloured ribbon edged with silver.’

"‘I will go and search for it.’

"‘I took my wife’s keys, knowing perfectly well where I should find the packet; but I pretended to find it with much difficulty.’

"‘Is this it?’ I asked the countess, handing it to her.

"‘Yes, yes—that is it! See!—the knot I myself made has never been touched.’

"I dared not raise my eyes to hers; I feared lest she should read in them that I



"IS THIS IT?"

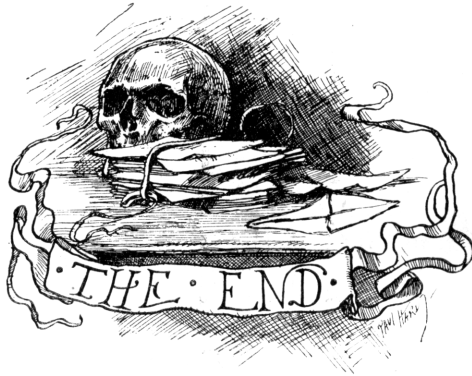
had untied the knot of that packet, and something more.

"I took leave of her abruptly ; she sprang into her carriage and drove off.

"The drop of blood had disappeared, the pain was not manifested by any external symptom ; and yet the spot marked by the drop burned me as if it had been bitten by a corrosive poison. This pain grows from hour to hour. I sleep sometimes, but I never cease to be conscious of my suffering. I do not complain to anybody : nobody, indeed, would believe my story. You have seen the violence of my torment, and you know how much the two operations have relieved me ; but concurrently with the healing of the wound, the pain returns. It

has now attacked me for the third time, and I have no longer strength to resist it. In an hour I shall be dead. One thought consoles me ; it is that she has avenged herself here below. She will perhaps forgive me above. I thank you for all you have done for me. May heaven reward you."

A few days later one might have read in the newspapers that S—, one of the richest landowners, had blown out his brains. Some attributed his suicide to sorrow caused by the death of his wife ; others, better informed, to an incurable wound. Those who best knew him said that he had been attacked by monomania, that his incurable wound existed only in his imagination.





## *The State of the Law Courts.*

### IV.—THE CRIMINAL COURTS.

**I**N many respects the Criminal Courts form the most interesting branch of the Judicature. Not only in their legal aspect, but also from their social bearing do they afford matter for reflection. Certain it is that so long as a large section of the community is permitted to exist under conditions of filth and depravity repugnant to civilisation, there will be plenty of work for the Criminal Courts to do. Many of the children of the slums are bred to a life of crime from their earliest days; they are taught to regard the law as their enemy, and law-abiding citizens as their legitimate prey. They have no conception of right and wrong, and in their eyes it is as praiseworthy an act to relieve an old gentleman of a watch as Elizabeth's mariners thought it to plunder a Spanish galleon. Members of every profession, whether it be the law, the drama, art, music, or medicine, are often distinguishable by their characteristic appearance, and there is a peculiar look about the London pickpocket which can hardly be mistaken. Mr. Montagu Williams gives the following description of a typical young criminal:—"He is small in stature—his growth being stunted by drink and other causes; his hair is closely cropped (that being a matter of necessity), and there is a sharp, terrier-like look about his face." The truth of this picture will be recognised by all whose business has taken them frequently into the police and other Criminal Courts.

Mr. Montagu Williams was once retained to defend a young ruffian of this class, who was charged with stealing a watch. The case was so clearly against the prisoner that

the learned counsel advised him to plead "Guilty." At this he was most indignant, and exclaimed, "Go on, I want you to do my case. You'll win, I know you will. You've done so twice for me before." In the end he was acquitted. On hearing the verdict he began to dance in the dock, and after shouting "I told you so," to his counsel, and bowing to the judge, he retired, highly pleased with the result.

So far as its procedure is concerned, our criminal law has hardly changed since the time of the Conquest, and in the opinion of many lawyers as well as laymen who have studied the matter, it is high time that some improvements were introduced. It is not our intention here to review the whole field

of criminal administration. The work is too vast for the limits of this article. We may, however, briefly direct attention to those matters wherein we think that improvement might be effected.

The Criminal Courts in this country consist of the petty sessions, or, as they are generally termed in boroughs, the police courts, the Courts of Quarter

Sessions, and the Assize Courts.

In the large cities, such as Manchester, Newcastle, &c., there are stipendiary magistrates who are appointed by the Home Secretary at the instance of the local town council, which provides their salaries.

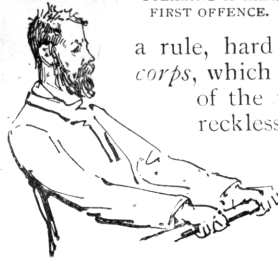
The metropolis is divided for the purpose of police administration into various districts, every police-court having two magistrates, each of whom sits three days a week, the busiest days being Mondays and Tuesdays.

The work of the London police magistrates is of an exceedingly diversified character, consisting principally of charges

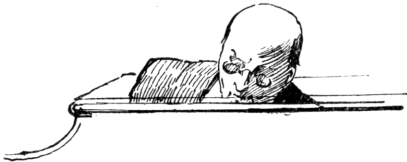


MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

of drunkenness, petty larceny, assaults on the police or on private individuals, and indictable offences in which they take the preliminary hearing, and, if satisfied that there is a *prima facie* case, commit the accused for trial. In addition to this, they have a vast number of duties recently imposed upon them by the Legislature, such as School Board prosecutions and cases under the Sanitary, Tramway and Public Carriage, Building, and Employers and Workmen's Acts, as well as various other matters which it is unnecessary to detail. Altogether the work is of a singularly repulsive character, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that many of the magistrates pride themselves on getting through the greatest possible number of cases in the shortest time. But this system of administering justice at high pressure is not entirely satisfactory. Most of the magistrates are

STEALING A HAM.  
FIRST OFFENCE.

AN INCORRIGIBLE ROGUE.



CHIEF USHER.

remiss in the matter of taking depositions and notes of evidence. Indeed, this is very seldom done at all except in cases of indictable offence. The rapidity with which some of the cases are disposed of is almost absurd. For instance, in some courts when a prisoner is charged with being drunk and disorderly, the magistrate does not even give him time for defence, the trial occupying about two minutes and consisting of something like the following:—Officer (kissing the book): I found the prisoner outside the "Green Lion" publichouse last night at twelve o'clock. He was drunk and disorderly, and I took him into custody. Magistrate (interrupting): Five shillings, or seven days.

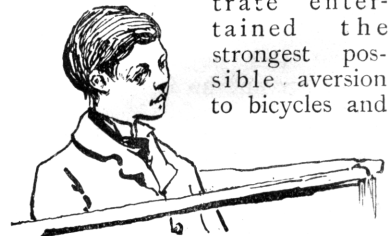
There is no appeal, and no note is taken by means of which a possible injustice might be investigated.

Undoubtedly the magistrates ought to take notes in every case, so that, in the event of a miscarriage of justice, they might be submitted to the Home Secretary.

One of the gravest defects in the administration of justice by police magistrates results from the almost implicit reliance that they place upon the uncorroborated testimony of a single police-constable. We shall probably not be accused of exaggeration when we assert that the police are, as a rule, hard swearers. The very *esprit de corps*, which is in itself a commendable feature of the force, leads the constables often recklessly to support each other's evidence. Besides this, whenever the police make a charge against any individual they at once jump to the conclusion that he is guilty, and there is nothing that they desire so much as a conviction.

To such an outrageous degree has the acceptance of police evidence extended that the public have come to look upon it as next to useless to defend themselves against a police charge. No better illustration of this is to be found than in the complaints against omnibus and tramway drivers for loitering. One well-known magistrate was in the habit of doubling the fine where a defence was offered, and, conviction being inevitable, the public drivers now invariably plead "Guilty" by the instruction of their employers. They pay the fine without demur, rather than incur the expense and delay of what would certainly be a futile defence, be the real merits of the case what they may.

Not very long ago a well-known Metropolitan magistrate entertained the strongest possible aversion to bicycles and

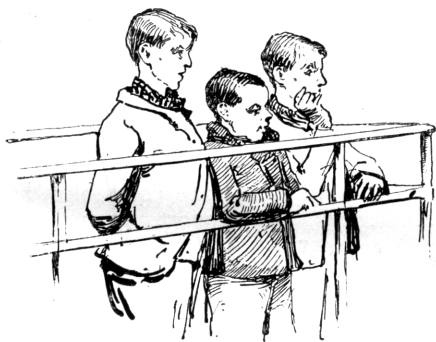


"FOR ROBBING THE TILL TO BUY A BICYCLE."

tricycles, and whenever he had before him a dispute between a cyclist and a constable, or, indeed, any other person, it was almost a certainty that he would decide in favour of the latter.

The fact that charges against police-constables are rare is largely due to the hope-

lessness of success. The Treasury, in our judgment very unfairly, places at the disposal of the policeman the best legal advice, and he is represented by a clever criminal



"FOR STEALING TOYS."

lawyer, while a poor man bringing a charge has to rely upon his own unaided resources, or, perhaps, on one of those fifth-rate solicitors who haunt the purlieus of the police-courts, and whose advocacy is too often detrimental to the interests of their client. It is a serious fault in the system that the magistrates should always have the same division of police before them. Frequently seeing the same officers, they become predisposed in their favour, the more so as they find that a great acceleration of business is thereby attained. Many of the magistrates, indeed, through being too mindful of their own convenience in this respect, have gradually become mere slaves of the police. The magistrate is practically the only protector of the public against the indiscretions of the police, and if he invariably sides with that body against the public, whose servant he is, he undoubtedly fails in his duty.

In order that the magistrates should be as far as possible independent of the police, they should themselves be moved constantly from Court to Court—a course that would be more convenient than changing the police from one division to another.

The *personnel* of the Metropolitan magistrates, apart from recent appointments, is not all that could be desired. Most of them are old, and many are of feeble temper; and, as a rule, they pose as great autocrats. Unfortunately, after frequent contact with misery and crime, they are apt to become callous and indifferent; but, notwithstanding this, be it said to their credit, one does sometimes hear of acts of kindness and humanity on the part of the magistrates.

There is not sufficient facility for appeal to protect the poor man against the arbitrary conduct or incapacity of the magistrate. It is true that in cases of imprisonment without the option of a fine an appeal may be made to the Quarter Sessions. But this is an expensive operation, and it is only open to those who have means; and



THE MAGISTRATE, MARYLEBONE POLICE COURT.

it is a further deterrent that if the appellant cannot find bail he must remain in prison until the hearing, thus adding considerably to his punishment.

But although there is practically no appeal against the decisions of the magistrates, they are liable to be discharged in case of misconduct. Sir James Grahame, when he was Home Secretary, removed one of the magistrates, and Mr. Newton ran serious risk of being dismissed in consequence of giving too much weight to the charges that had been fabricated by the police against Miss



MR. LUSHINGTON, BOW-STREET.

Cass. As it was, he was severely reprimanded by the Lord Chancellor.

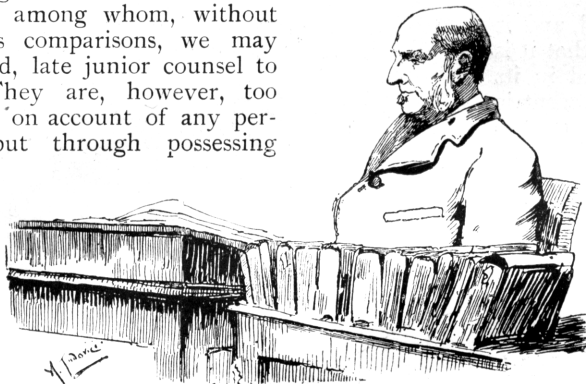
It is only just to say that many of the Metropolitan magistrates are able and painstaking men, among whom, without drawing invidious comparisons, we may mention Mr. Mead, late junior counsel to the Treasury. They are, however, too often selected, not on account of any personal capacity, but through possessing family influence in high quarters. It is most essential that only men who have had experience in criminal work should be appointed; but as it is, in order to qualify, they have only to be barristers of seven years' standing. The choice lies with the Home Secretary, and the salaries are £1,500 a year, except in the case of the chief magistrate, at Bow-street, who receives £1,800.

The Bow-street Court is the chief police-court in London, and has exclusive jurisdiction in extradition and in all political offences against the Crown. One of the ablest and most respected magistrates who ever sat at Bow-street was Sir James Ingham, who died a few years ago at a very advanced age.

A story is told of Sir James having once had before him a case of a man charging another with stealing his watch. It, however, transpired that the prosecutor had not worn his watch on the day in question, but had, in fact, left it at home, where it was safely found. He was overwhelmed with regret at having made a false charge, and Sir James, in order to smooth matters, said: "We are all liable to make mistakes. I was under the impression that I had put my watch in my pocket this morning; but on arriving at this Court I found that I had left it at home by mistake." When the

magistrate arrived home in the evening, his daughter said: "I hope you got your watch all right, papa. I gave it to the man from Bow-street who called for it."

Too late, Sir James recognised his indiscretion in having stated in open court that he had left his watch at home. The "gentleman from Bow-street" who had taken advantage of the information was never discovered.



MR. NEWTON.

In the country, and also in many of the boroughs, justice is administered by unpaid magistrates. There are borough justices, composed of the Mayor of the town *ex officio*, and such merchants and well-to-do tradesmen as the Lord Chancellor, in the exercise of his political discretion, may think fit to appoint. The country justices in agricultural districts are almost exclusively drawn from the ranks of the landed gentry. In industrial districts, such as Durham and Lancashire, from which country gentlemen have been driven away by the increase of

factories, the country justice usually belongs to a lower social class, big brewers and manufacturers being the only persons available. The country justice has by this time obtained a well-established reputation as a laughing-stock. Shakespeare, Fielding, and



MR. ALBERT, THE INTERPRETER, TRANSLATING EVIDENCE.

Dickens have successively held him up to ridicule, and the modern Press has frequent opportunities of making merry over his absurdities. But all to no purpose, for the simple reason that though many reformers would gladly see the great unpaid abolished, no one has yet been able to suggest a means of replacing them. It is obvious that a paid

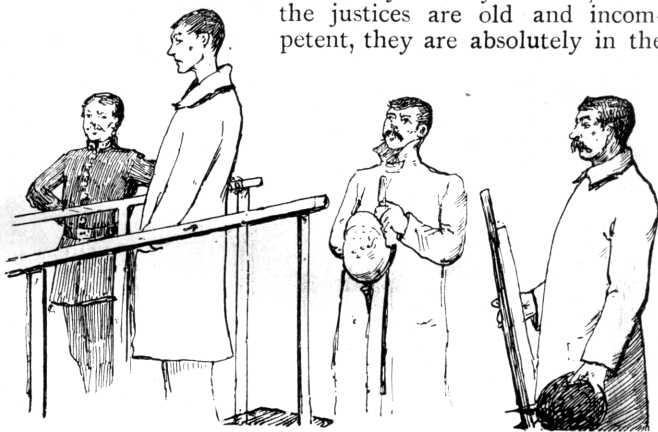
magistracy could not be established throughout the country without a complete re-organisation of our judicial system, involving great additional expense.

"Justices' justice" has long been a byword, and it is curious to note that it is usually administered in its most drastic and eccentric form by reverend gentlemen, whose religion one would think should guide them to more merciful decisions, even if they ignore the legal hand-books.

The practice of allowing clergymen to sit upon the bench is very objectionable for many reasons. They are often very narrow-minded, being for the most part unable to differentiate between sin and crime, and, knowing everyone in their parish, they are apt, when opportunity offers, to severely punish those who do not belong to their own denomination; and, further than this, they are too often the pliant tool of local aristocrats. There is undoubtedly a strong and apparently uncontrollable tendency on

magistrates. His knowledge of the law is usually not very extensive, and is generally derived for the purposes of each case as it arises from "Stone's Justices' Manual."

In many country districts, where the justices are old and incompetent, they are absolutely in the



A DESERTER.

hands of their clerk, who for all practical purposes becomes not only a magistrate, but the sole magistrate present.

A vicious system prevails in most provincial districts, by which the police have the choice of the solicitor who prosecutes. The result of this is that, in order to ingratiate himself with the police, he is always more anxious to obtain convictions than to do justice, and is therefore obliged to abet the police in all the well-known tricks of suppressing facts, and even hard swearing in which they sometimes indulge. It would be more satisfactory to appoint a public official wholly independent of the police, resembling the Procurator-Fiscal in Scotland.

But although there is a good deal to be said against the great unpaid, they are perhaps not quite so bad as their numerous enemies delight to paint them. A strong bench, with a good clerk to keep them right in law, has many advantages, owing to the variety of mind and judgment brought to bear.



PRISONER: "YOUR WUSHIP, I AM SUBJECT TO EPILEPTIC FITS."

MAGISTRATE: TO EPILEPTIC *drinks*, YOU MEAN."

the part of country justices generally to accept the word of the constable rather than that of a poor man charged with an offence. The constable who assists in protecting game and in guarding the landlords and their farmers against trespassers, undoubtedly acquires a great deal of influence over the bench in many districts. The country justices, as a rule, know nothing of the law, and are obliged to rely on the advice of the clerk of the court, who is often a solicitor of some position, and probably acts as private solicitor to one or more of the



AN INSPECTOR.



Some of the magistrates, no doubt, merely occupy their positions on the bench for the gratification of their own vanity ; but there are others who perform their duties ably and conscientiously for the public good, and these are certainly deserving of the thanks of the community. It is the incompetent men, swayed by class prejudices, who, by their absurdly vindictive sentences in labour disputes, trespass and poaching cases, and the like, bring the whole body into disrepute. Perhaps, if it were necessary for those young gentlemen who aspire to the dignity of a magistrate to first obtain a call to the Bar, many of the present evils might be mitigated.

The Quarter Sessions are established in all the counties, including the county of London and other county boroughs, as well as in certain Quarter Session boroughs. In the small boroughs where there are no Quarter Sessions, the appeal from petty sessions goes to the Quarter Sessions of the county in which the borough is situate. Besides its appellate jurisdiction, the Quarter Sessions constitutes a court for the trial of those criminal cases that are not within the exclusive jurisdiction of the High Court. In London the Court is presided over by a salaried officer known as the Assistant-Judge ; in some boroughs the Recorder presides, and in the counties there is usually an unpaid justice called the Chairman. All the cases are heard before a jury. The Quarter Sessions in the provinces are usually attended by a numerous Bar, chiefly composed of the younger men on each circuit, together with a few more experienced barristers who have never emerged from criminal work. A prisoner unable to employ a solicitor to instruct counsel is entitled to secure the services of a barrister by handing a guinea over the dock, and many young advocates do a brisk trade in what are termed "dockers." It would be a great gain if the State were to provide for the proper defence of prisoners, who are undoubtedly at a great disadvantage when opposed by astute criminal law-

yers. In Scotland a system prevails by which every prisoner can secure the services of counsel ; whereas in this country they are left entirely to their own resources, and there can be little doubt that a miscarriage of justice is too often the result. It has often been advocated that the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions should be

extended so as to include some of those more serious cases that can now only be tried before a judge of assize ; and this would undoubtedly relieve the pressure on the High Court judges. But, until the presiding officer is of a higher type than the ordinary Chairman of Quarter Sessions (some of whom, however, are very capable men), it would be unwise to enlarge the jurisdiction. Probably the

County Court judges—who, at present, have ample leisure—might, if better men were obtained, be entrusted to preside at Quarter Sessions with extended jurisdiction ; and certainly, if a Court of Criminal Appeal were established, such a scheme as this would be open to no objection.

The judges of the High Court go on assize four times a year to try those more serious cases which are outside the jurisdiction of the Quarter Sessions, and also to deliver the gaols of such prisoners as, whatever their offence, have been committed for trial since the previous Quarter Sessions.

And while the judges are away on assize, the Common Law work of the Metropolis is, as we have previously pointed out, absolutely at a standstill. Even at the Assize Court it is doubtful whether adequate justice is always done ; it certainly depends in a great degree on the individual temperament of the judges. The extraordinary disparity between the sentences passed by different judges for offences of the same gravity gives rise to continual comment. It seems strange, indeed, that the judges and chairmen of Quarter Sessions have not conferred together to lay down some approximate rule as a guidance in the measure of their punishments. Some



DRUNK, AND FURIOUS  
DRIVING.

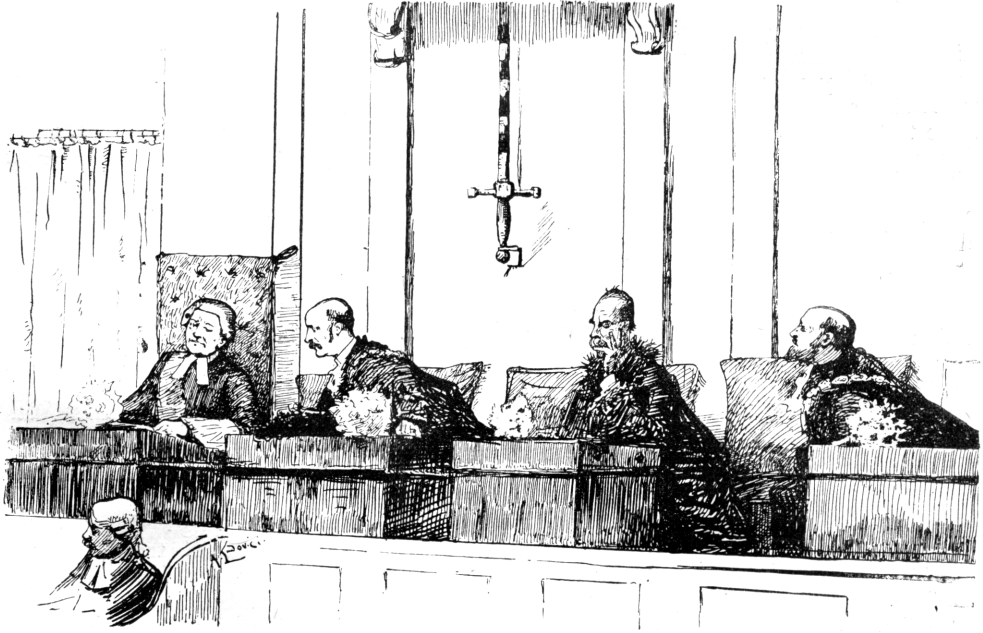


FASHIONABLE PICKPOCKET.

judges are in the habit of inflicting almost uniformly light sentences, while there are others who are remarkable for their extreme severity. Lord Coleridge has, in a praiseworthy manner, always discountenanced those barbarous sentences of penal servitude for trumpery larceny which have sometimes shocked the public conscience.

It is certainly most objectionable that judges who have had no previous criminal experience should be sent to try cases of serious crime. Before being entrusted with such work it is desirable that they should go through some form of apprenticeship by sitting with an experienced criminal judge.

may appeal from one Court to another until he reaches the House of Lords, a man fighting for his life, liberty, and reputation has no appeal from the verdict of a perhaps ignorant and prejudiced jury, acting it may be under the guidance of a judge who has had no experience in criminal procedure. Such a verdict is irrevocable, and at the best its effects can only be mitigated by the occasional and reluctant intervention of the Crown through the medium of the Secretary of State, who is in a great measure swayed by the opinion of the judge. The wicked absurdity of such a state of things must be at once apparent, especially when



THE OLD BAILEY. OPENING OF THE SESSIONS BY THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The present haphazard method was illustrated in a remarkable manner some years ago when Mr. Justice North, who had passed his professional career in the placid atmosphere of a Court of Equity, quietly arguing some nice points of realty and trusts, became a Judge of Assize. He had probably never heard a criminal case tried, and perhaps had hardly ever examined a witness, so that it was natural enough that he should feel himself incompetent for the new duties that had been thrust upon him. Fortunately, such a gross scandal cannot occur again, for Chancery judges have since been released from Assize work.

It is a curious anomaly that while in a civil cause involving a trifling sum, a suitor

it is remembered that judges themselves are sometimes prejudiced, and are in any case far from infallible. It is true that finality in the process of criminal law prevents the shocking mental torture that must be endured by prisoners lying in gaol for weary months awaiting the uncertain progress of appeals. But while there is life there is hope, and even the painful suspense of appeal is preferable to an unjust conviction.

Although there is no appeal in criminal cases on questions of fact, it is within the discretion of the judge to reserve points of law. Legal technicalities, however, do not often give rise to mistakes in criminal law, and where a miscarriage of justice takes

place it is nearly always in consequence of a misapprehension of facts. Too often within recent years have subsequent events shown that punishment has been inflicted upon an innocent man. It is needless to

tenced to five years' penal servitude. Twelve months afterwards a man was convicted of a similar offence at the same court. On being asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "Nothing about myself, my lord, but something about you. A year ago you condemned an innocent man, and he is now undergoing penal servitude. Mr. Williams, my counsel, was counsel for him. It was I who stole the sheep that were driven from Hornsey to the Meat Market. I am he for whom the innocent man was identified."

It was at once obvious that there was a striking resemblance between the two men. The Judge, however, pooh-poohed the



APPLICATIONS TO THE MAGISTRATE.

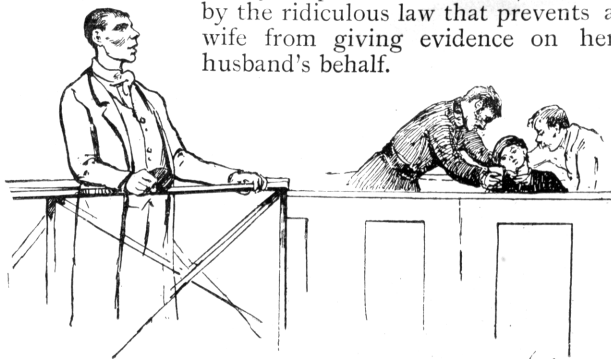
multiply instances, many of which are doubtless in the minds of our readers. We may, however, mention a case that is described at length in his interesting "Leaves of a Life," by Mr. Montagu Williams.

That eminent counsel once defended a prisoner who was charged with sheepstealing. Two constables declared that they had seen the accused driving the flock in the early morning, and swore positively to his identity, one of them having given him a light for his pipe; and he was also identified by another man, who swore that he had seen him drive the sheep into the Meat Market. On the other hand, the members of the prisoner's household declared that he had been at home in bed at the time, and had not risen until long after the offence had been committed. His wife, who had been with him, was not allowed to give evidence. The Assistant-Judge who tried the case ridiculed the *alibi*. "You have only," he said, "to state a certain number of facts that are actually true, to change the date, and there you have your *alibi*."

The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," and he was sen-

tenced to five years' penal servitude. Twelve months afterwards a man was convicted of a similar offence at the same court. On being asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "Nothing about myself, my lord, but something about you. A year ago you condemned an innocent man, and he is now undergoing penal servitude. Mr. Williams, my counsel, was counsel for him. It was I who stole the sheep that were driven from Hornsey to the Meat Market. I am he for whom the innocent man was identified."

In this case a failure of justice brought disaster upon a whole family, for they were all dependent upon the unfortunate prisoner, who not only suffered by the fatuity of the Judge and jury in preferring the evidence of two policemen to that of several highly respectable witnesses, but also by the ridiculous law that prevents a wife from giving evidence on her husband's behalf.



FOR ASSAULTING HIS WIFE

There is another grave defect in the administration of criminal law, but to this—as it has been of late widely discussed—we need do no more than briefly advert. We refer to the fact that England stands almost alone in not according to persons charged with offences the right to give evidence on their own behalf. Recent legislation has given this privilege in offences of a certain class; but these cases are rare, and they merely accentuate the absurdity of closing the mouth of the prisoner in the majority of criminal charges. Lawyers of experience generally concur in the view that, if a prisoner were always permitted to give evidence on his own behalf, the innocent would be materially assisted. It is a curious fact that the present practice is a survival of an older system under which a defendant in a civil cause was also ineligible

as a witness. The disability has been removed in the one case, and there is a strong feeling among those who should best know, in favour of its abolition in the other.

Our review of the Law Courts is now concluded. We have necessarily been unable to go very deeply into detail, and we have not paused to lay stress on the many admirable features that are undoubtedly to be found in our judicial system. Our object has been to call attention to such imperfections as are conveniently open to reform. The Legislature has, since we began our series, given some tentative attention to the matter; but if improvement is to be effected it must be in response to the demand of the electors, who should exact from their Parliamentary representatives a promise of reform.

ANTONY GUEST.



THE JURY DISAGREE.

## Captain Mayne Reid: Soldier and Novelist.

BY MALTUS QUESTELL HOLYOAKE.

### PART I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.



HE publication of a memoir of the late Capt. Mayne Reid by his widow, has aroused the interest of a new generation in the works of a gallant gentleman, whose novels, translated into many languages, gave universal pleasure; and the memory of whose brilliant military exploits, in the Mexican war of 1846-8, will ever be preserved by those who admire brave deeds. Three countries take especial pride in Mayne Reid.

Ireland, the land of his birth; America, the country for which he fought, and in which the scenes of his chief novels were laid; and England, his home for thirty-four years, wherein his books were written.

The following sketch is indebted for several particulars to the excellent life of Mayne Reid, by Mrs. Reid, to whom acknowledgments are due for permitting the publication of the letters, and illustrations presented.

Capt. Mayne Reid was born in April, 1818, at Ballyrone, in the north of Ireland. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Mayne Reid, Presbyterian minister, whom he was named after; his mother being the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, a descendant of the "hot and hasty Rutherford," mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's poem "Marmion," which would account for Mayne Reid's fiery temperament. Though an impetuous youth with adventurous ideas, longing to travel and see the world, his father destined and educated him for the Church. At college he obtained fair distinction in mathematics, classics, and, as might be expected, athletics, but for theology he showed a marked distaste. With his characteristics and tastes, it is therefore not surprising to find that at the thoughtless age of twenty, full of golden dreams, but with apparently no decided

purpose, he set out for Mexico, where he landed in 1838, and had experiences of the wild and riotous life which was then the distinguishing feature of New Orleans. Leaving the Crescent City he disappeared for a while to enjoy a backwoods existence, and for several years his life abounded in incidents, fully as romantic and exciting as those afterwards detailed as occurring to the heroes of his own works of fiction. In the companionship of trappers, he sojourned with Indians, and took part in their forays when they were a powerful and warlike

race, and travel in their hunting grounds involved danger, for in those days "wild in woods, the noble savage ran" in, so to speak, his primal state, uncontaminated by the effacing influences of modern civilisation. The prairie was then Mayne Reid's home, the wild mustang his steed; buffaloes and "grizzlies" his game; his comrades redskins, each, in the words of Longfellow,

"Armed for hunting,  
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and  
leggings,  
Richly wrought with quills and  
wampum;  
On his head his eagle feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of  
wampum,  
In his hand his bow of ashwood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers."



LIEUT. MAYNE REID, AGE 29.

His adventures with various tribes on the war-path or scalp-hunting have been recounted with unequalled dramatic force in those stirring novels, in which, as has been aptly observed, the romance is reality. Perilous enterprise and hair-breadth escapes were his daily lot, and with his strange and dangerous associates he made excursions up the Red River, and explored the banks of the Missouri and the Platte. Afterwards Mayne Reid penetrated every State in the Union. In those early years of his fight for life, besides being a hunter, and trader, he at different times was a store-keeper, nigger



driver, tutor, schoolmaster, and even for a very brief and unappreciated time a strolling player. Towards 1843, under the signature of the "Poor Scholar," he contributed poetry to *The Pittsburgh Chronicle*, a startling contrast to his previous pursuits, and shortly afterwards he settled down as a Philadelphian *littérateur*, writing for *Godey's Magazine* a poem entitled "La Cubana." At this time he composed "Love's Martyr," a tragical play, betokening great promise. While established in Philadelphia he enjoyed the acquaintance of the gifted Edgar Allan Poe and his beautiful but fragile wife, and in after years, in defending his memory, gave some curious details of the unfortunate poet's household. Mayne Reid's unique experiences, his knowledge of men, and of the world, stood him in good stead in the early portion of his literary career, as in the later. In 1846 he acted as correspondent of *The New York Herald*, and was on the staff of Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*. Having added poet, dramatist, and journalist to the list of his numerous occupations, he was yet to distinguish himself in another profession.

In 1846, the war between the United States and Mexico broke out. Mayne Reid, laying down the pen and taking up the sword, sought and obtained a lieutenant's commission in the First New York Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Ward R. Burnett, and in the December of the same year sailed for the scene of action.

The first battle in which Mayne Reid took a prominent part, was that of Monterey, a desperate and sanguinary contest. It is not often that warriors celebrate the events of a campaign in which they have taken part in verse, but some time after, Mayne Reid sent, from the seat of war, a remarkable poem to *Godey's Magazine*,

entitled "Monterey," breathing the true martial spirit, of which the following are the opening lines :—

"We were not many—we who stood  
Before the iron sleet that day—  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years, if he but could  
Have been with us at Monterey."

Mayne Reid greatly distinguished himself at the capture of Vera Cruz, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, at Cherubusco (where he headed the last infantry charge), and at the siege of Chapultepec, where, on the testimony of his brother officers, he performed the bravest and most brilliant achievement of the campaign, leading, under great difficulties, and opposed by unusual obstacles, "a forlorn hope" up a nearly perpendicular height. He was the first to scale the castle walls, and would have been first in Chapultepec, but a bullet came tearing through his thigh, and he fell wounded into the ditch. Two despatches of equal fallaciousness reached his relatives within a short time of each other, one stating he was dead, and the other that not only



CAPT. MAYNE REID. AGE 46

was he alive, but united to "the richest heiress in the valley of Mexico." Though not killed, Mayne Reid was very dangerously injured, and his leg in after years was a recurring trouble to him. The splendid service he had rendered the storming party, for which he had volunteered, was mentioned in the despatches of no less than four generals and several other officers, and rewarded by promotion. The rumour of his death, however, was so strong, that at a public banquet in Ohio, in celebration of the capture of Mexico, Mayne Reid's memory was toasted, and a dirge in his honour by a young poetess recited, of which the following is a verse :—

"Gone—gone—gone,  
Gone to his dreamless sleep ;

And spirits of the brave,  
Watching o'er his lone grave,  
Weep—weep—weep."

Mayne Reid, during the storming of Chapultepec, was a very conspicuous figure, wearing a brilliant uniform, and an officer who did not know him, but witnessed his daring achievement, inquired who he was, and was answered thus graphically:—

"A New Yorker, by the name of Mayne Reid—a hell of a fellow."

A rough tribute of praise, of which no doubt the Captain was prouder than of more refined eulogiums.

About this period Captain Reid was described in an American journal as possessing the physical perfections of Adonis and the Apollo Belvedere, with a dash of the Centaur. There is no doubt that he was a handsome, reckless, dashing young militiaire, of graceful figure and engaging manners, if a trifle hot-tempered. During the campaign Mayne Reid had to place in irons a regimental desperado of immense frame and strength, who had broken out of the guardhouse on many occasions. On Mayne Reid entering his cell, the fellow made a mad rush at him. Reid drew his sword to repel the attack, and ran the ruffian through. It was impossible to do otherwise, as the prisoner in his frantic fury really impaled himself upon the blade. Before dying the man confessed that Lieutenant Reid was blameless in the matter, and had only performed his duty as an officer. Reid was, however, tried by court-martial for killing the man, and acquitted.

In 1849, on the conclusion of the hostilities with Mexico, Captain Mayne Reid, still "untired by war's alarms," started with "a chosen band," raised by himself, to assist the Hungarian patriots in their ill-fated insurrection. He never, however, arrived at the scene of action, being encountered by news of their disastrous defeat. Bidding the country adieu in which he had spent such eventful years, he came to England, and again embarking in literature, at once took a leading position as a writer of fiction, producing in rapid succession "The Rifle Ranger," "The Scalp Hunters" (which has been translated into as many languages as "The Pilgrim's Progress," and of which over a million copies have been sold), and other books, which at once found their way to every boy's library, and in which Mayne Reid utilised his strangely acquired experiences, so that in

part they may be deemed autobiographical. It is the merit of Captain Reid's works that they are all as thoroughly manly, healthy in tone, and good in purpose, as they are entrancing. Not an ignoble thought or word is to be found in them. His pen would never trace an unworthy sentence—the brilliant imagery in which he revelled was that of a devoted lover of nature, and the noble deeds of his heroes and heroines were the reflex of his own honourable and chivalric nature. His novels are veritable romances of the prairie, breathing of the forest primeval, and the prairie's limitless expanse. Though written in the language of a prose poem, his tales revealed exciting plots and thrilling situations, and as often as not were adventures of his own elaborated, or stories that he had heard related round the camp fire by reckless and desperate trappers. The years Captain Reid spent in pursuit of the buffalo and the bison, his acquaintance with the hunting and fishing grounds of the various tribes of Indians, his intimate knowledge of their habits and characteristics, could not fail to leave their impress upon most of his literary productions, which are redolent

"With the odours of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows;  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains."

The charming volumes, written more especially for the entertainment of boys, "The Desert Home," "The Boy Hunters," "The Young Voyageurs," "The Forest Exiles," and "The Bush Boys," written between 1850 and 1856, contained in attractive guise a vast amount of botanical, geological, and zoological information. His instruction in those subjects was imperceptibly administered, being interwoven with captivantly recounted deeds of bravery or perilous exploration, such as boys love, and were calculated to inspire a desire for travel, and ambition for honourable adventure in the youthful breast. The Captain was a most prolific writer, his principal works being over forty in number. In the numerous illustrated journals for the young, the pages of which he enlivened, he always occupied the first place in the expectation of its impatient readers.

In 1853 Captain Reid had a passage of arms with *The Times*, which caused at the time considerable excitement in the journalistic world. There appeared in *The*

*Times* a proclamation in connection with an insurrection in Milan, which that journal stated purported to be from Kossuth, and to which his name was appended. Captain Mayne Reid, who was a personal friend and a staunch adherent of the Hungarian patriot, then residing in London, addressed a letter to *The Times* denouncing, in fiery and vigorous terms, the proclamation as a forgery. *The Times* did not insert Captain Reid's letter, but alluded to it as written in "absurdly bombastic language." A copy of the Captain's suppressed letter, which was very much to the point, was published in *The Sun*. Captain Reid subsequently sent Kossuth's own repudiation of the proclamation to *The Times*, but no notice was taken of it. Many journals commented in terms of indignation upon the conduct of *The Times* in refusing to admit in its columns either contradiction or correction.

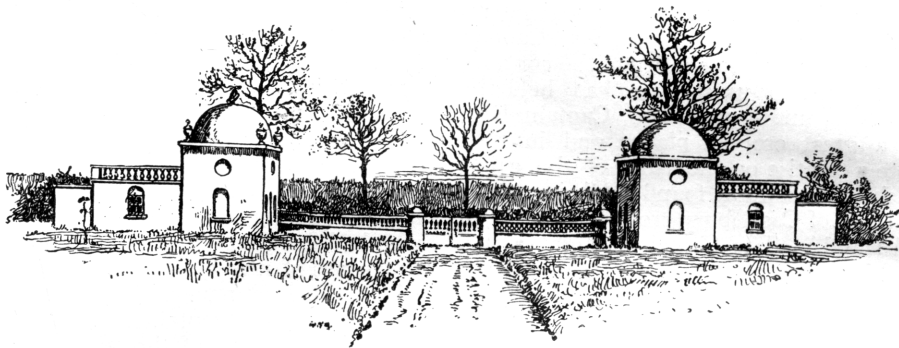
Captain Reid married Miss Elizabeth Hyde ("Zoë") the only daughter of Mr. George William Hyde, a lineal descendant of the first Earl of Clarendon. The Cap-

tain's courtship seems to have had many of the elements of romance in it. The lady was very beautiful and very young—so young that she was often taken for the Captain's daughter, and he himself called her his "child wife," which is the title of one of his subsequent novels. The Captain fell in love with his "beautiful child wife" when she was but thirteen, and married her when she was fifteen. He saw in her the original of Zoë, in the "Scalp Hunters," which creation he regarded as a foreshadowing of fate. The marriage appears to have been a very happy one, and his widow, in the life of him she has published, seems to be animated by the same admiration and loving regard for the Captain as when she plighted her girlish troth.

Captain Reid had, like many of his literary brethren, reverses and pecuniary misfortunes. At Gerrard's Cross, near Slough, he embarked in rather extensive building operations, erecting a house for himself of Mexican design, some cottages, and a reading-room, which eventually involved him



CAPT. MAYNE REID AND HIS CHILD WIFE.



LODGE GATES, THE "RANCHE."

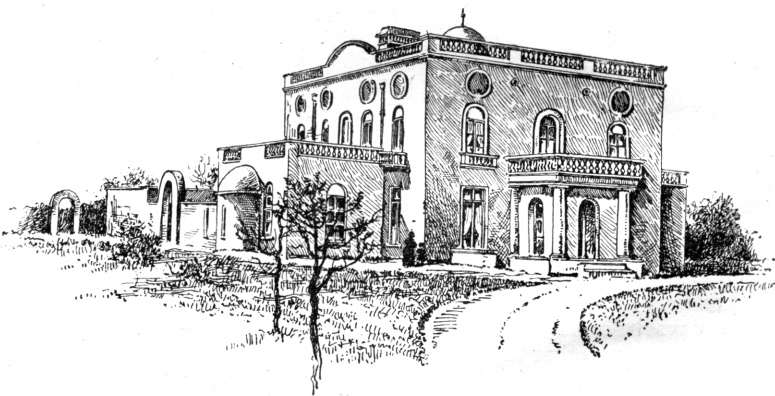
in financial disaster, so that in 1866 he had practically to begin the world anew. At one time he gave readings in public. In 1867 he started a paper, *The Little Times*, which soon ceased to exist. Never idle, incessantly working, his busy pen the same year was contributing the "Finger of Fate" to *The Boy's Own Magazine*, the "Fatal Cord" to *The Boys of England*, besides producing the "Planter Pirate." In the autumn of 1867 he went to New York, and wrote "The Child Wife," for Frank Leslie's paper, receiving 8,000 dollars for it, also starting *Onward*, a magazine which lasted fourteen months.

In 1870 he was in St. Luke's Hospital in that city, suffering from suppuration of his Chapultepec wound in the thigh, which it was feared would end fatally, but in 1872 he was writing the "Death Shot" for *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, and *The New York Saturday Journal*. In

1875 the "Flag of Distress" appeared in *Chambers's Journal*. All these tales were also published in book form by various publishers. Captain Reid was an author of many publishers, and there are few of that much maligned body but have issued, some time or other, novels of his. William Shobere (1849), Charles Street (1851), David Bogue, Routledge, Hurst & Blackett, Ward, Lock & Tyler, Tinsley, Swan Sonnenschein & Co., and Remington, are a few of the

well-known names that have produced works of that active brain, which will amuse and delight us nevermore.

In 1882 he received a small pension, which was increased before his death, from the United States Government, on account of his services in the Mexican War. During his last years he settled down amid the lovely scenery of Herefordshire at Ross. Here he wrote "Gwen Wynn, a Romance of the Wye." Here also he grew potatoes from Mexican seed, and bred Welsh mountain sheep, with jet black bodies, snow white faces, and long white tails. The clothes he



THE "RANCHE," GERRARD'S CROSS.

wore were made from their wool. Captain Mayne Reid's sheep were a feature of the Health Exhibition, where they attracted great attention. In *The Live Stock Journal*, to which he was a frequent contributor, he explained an interesting theory of his that black is the coolest colour for clothing, and white the warmest, citing in support of his contention the negro, and the polar bear, and the polar hare, and fox, which two latter are slate blue in summer, and snow

white in winter. This view has since received scientific acceptance, but Captain Reid was the first to challenge the contrary opinion, which until then had held the field as an undisputed fact. Captain Reid was a great croquet player, and in 1863 wrote a treatise on the rules of the game, which he afterwards found was being issued with sets of Cassiobury croquet, as by "An Old Hand." The Captain brought a successful action against Lord Essex, with whom the responsibility rested. Not long before his death, which occurred on October 22, 1883, Captain Reid was contributing a series of articles on the distinguishing features of "Rural Life in England" to *The New York Tribune*, in which he treated with good-humoured satire the "customs of

tain Reid visited this fatal valley nearly fifty years ago, and graphically described his perilous journey, and the physical peculiarities of this terrible desert, in the "Scalp Hunters," forty years ago.

When, at the age of sixty-five, Captain Mayne Reid passed away, the Press of every shade of opinion rendered due recognition of the remarkable imaginative genius who had for thirty years held spell-bound the youth of many lands. *The Times*, too, which the dead novelist had so often and fiercely attacked, contained a generous and appreciative notice of the career of its old adversary. When the proud, intrepid heart ceased to beat, and the indomitable spirit was laid to rest, died a hunter, explorer, naturalist, soldier, novelist, and—



FROGMORE, ROSS.

the country," in such matters as, for instance, "Public Dinners," a chapter in which his observations are acute and amusing. Until a few days before his last illness, he was engaged in completing the "Land of Fire," which he was not destined to live to see published. His "Mexican War Memories," which promised to be of great interest, were never finished. A posthumous novel of his has appeared, entitled "No Quarter" (Captain Reid always chose effective titles), a romance of the Civil Wars, in which moving incidents by flood and field are detailed with his well-known military accuracy and accustomed force, and the excitement maintained unflaggingly to the end.

The American Government have recently despatched a scientific expedition to explore the Colorado Death Valley. Cap-

remembering his courageous deeds and love of danger, it may be added—a hero.

## PART II.—A REMINISCENCE.

NEARLY thirty years ago it was my good fortune to become personally acquainted with Captain Mayne Reid under somewhat singular circumstances. I was then a boy of fifteen, with all the undefined longings and aspirations of that age. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and the future was to me the mystic time to come, to which I trusted (ah! how vainly) to bring the realisation of my young dreams. I read books on every variety of subject that I could either buy or borrow; and my father having at that time a publishing house in Fleet-street, my opportunities of



obtaining books to read were considerable. Novels I devoured with avidity, and none gave me greater pleasure than those of Captain Mayne Reid, who was my favourite author at that period, and whose works have been read with equal enjoyment in later and more mature years. The name of "Oceola," which signifies "the rising sun," was adopted by me as a *nom de plume* for some small literary efforts that in those

early years I contributed to journals. The late Mr. Henry Merritt, the art connoisseur, who, in conjunction with Mr. Richmond, R.A., achieved the marvellous restoration of the portrait of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey, was then the art critic of *The Morning Star*, the organ of the politicians then known as the Manchester School. This gentleman used to write out his art notices roughly at first, and then make alterations, corrections, and additions. It often fell to me to make fair copies of them for the Press, and thus I became accustomed to writing indirectly for *The Morning Star*, and one

day thought I would write to that paper on my own account. A new play of Dion Boucicault's was being performed at the Adelphi, with incidents in it filched, I considered, from Mayne Reid, my favourite author. I was filled with youthful indignation, and penned a letter to the editor of *The Morning Star* (calling attention to this dramatic piracy), which, to my sur-

prise, was inserted. My father and Mr. Merritt reproved me for my juvenile presumption, but I was secretly delighted, thinking the Byronic couplet—

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print,

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't,"

was equally true regarding a letter.

Shortly after the publication of my critical effusion, on June 20, 1862, I was sitting writing for my father in the committee

room at his Fleet-street publishing house, which was then the centre for many now forgotten but successful public movements, when Captain Mayne Reid was announced. He had come to see my father on some business connected with the Garibaldian Committee, who had been engaged in despatching the English legion of volunteers to aid General Garibaldi in his struggle for the emancipation of Italy. My father, who was a personal friend of Garibaldi, was the acting secretary of this committee. In the course of conversation my father mentioned to the Captain, to whom I was introduced,



MRS. MAYNE REID, PRESENT DAY

the letter I had written to *The Morning Star*. Captain Reid was very cordial, shaking my hand with great energy, and warmly thanking me for my defence. He inquired why I had not sent him a copy of the letter, and requested that one might be sent. The Captain further declared that he should make it his business to give me a helping hand in the literary career that he concluded

I should embrace. This interview with my living hero of heroes was as unexpected as it was delightful to me. I stood by, smiling and flushing, feeling uncomfortable, yet honoured and pleased. Being an enthusiastic peruser of the Captain's exciting books (the interest of which, to me, was enhanced by the fact that the scenes and occurrences recounted with such fascinating and graphic power were as much part of the Captain's life as David Copperfield was of Charles Dickens), I regarded Captain Reid with admiration and intensity, and subsequently made notes of my impressions of his appearance, conversation, and characteristics, which have been preserved to this day.

Captain Reid, who was then about forty-four, was of slight build, ordinary height, and military bearing.

He was attired in a black frock coat, worn open, a light yellow waistcoat, light yellow gloves, light yellow scarf, and light yellow trousers, it being the sunny month of June. A Mexican-looking face of yellowish complexion, a black moustache, and an aspect of determination that indicated a life of exposure, feats performed, and hardships undergone, complete the portrait. Enthusiastic in manner, fervid in speech, romantic in phraseology, his utterances sounded like extracts from his own novels. A handsome man, the nobility of whose nature was apparent, he appeared the living embodiment of one of his own heroes of romance.

I well remember, as the Captain was leaving, his remark in reference to a wish to join Garibaldi. "But for that (naming the circumstance that prevented him) I would once more unsheath my sword upon the tented field," with which dramatic deliverance he departed.

In the course of a few days I forwarded, in compliance with the wish mentioned, a copy of *The Morning Star* letter to Captain Reid, at the same time expressing the hope that he would find in the good intention respecting himself some excuse for the imperfections inherent to youthful composition, as the faulty and boyishly-written epistle had not the advantage of revision by another, no one being aware of it.

In due time I received, with inexpressible satisfaction, the following acknowledgment from the great novelist, whose reputation was then at its zenith :—

The Rancho,  
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks,  
July 1, 1862.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—You quite underrate yourself in calling your letter to *The Star* either faulty or boyishly-written. It is, in reality, a very clever communication, and most truthfully expresses every point in the question, and cannot have failed to convince those who read it of the correctness of your views.

I owe you a thousand thanks for your chivalric defence, which please accept, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,  
MAYNE REID.

"The Rancho," which, in memory of earlier days, the Captain had named his country home, recalled to mind the abodes of the dark-eyed señoritas who were the heroines of his romances. Mrs. Reid writes of his house as being called "The Hacienda," in her recent memoir of her husband. Mr. Charles Ollivant, who was Captain Reid's secretary, wrote to the papers that the Captain's home was known as "The Rancho," which is the Mexican equivalent for a small house, whereas "Hacienda" meant a large house or mansion. The veteran journalist, Mr. George Augustus Sala, joining in the controversy, contended that "Hacienda" meant a large estate or homestead, and that a very big "Hacienda" may only have a small house upon it. Whatever may be the correct meaning of the words in question, all the letters I received from Captain Reid, spreading over several years, were dated in his own characteristic and picturesque writing from "The Rancho."

The true explanation, however, is that the Captain's first home was called "The Rancho," afterwards altered to "The Ranche." The large flat roofed house of Mexican architecture, with an artificial pond in front, subsequently built under the Captain's superintendence, was always known as "The Hacienda," as Mrs. Reid rightly names it.

Three months after the receipt of the preceding letter, I wrote a notice of Captain Reid's then new novel, "The Maroon." The little review appeared in *The Newcastle Chronicle*. It having been quoted in *The Canadian Illustrated News*, was encouragement to write a short sketch of the Captain's adventurous life for the same newspaper. On publication, both the re-

view and the sketch were sent to Captain Reid, who thus expressed himself respecting them :—

The Rancho,  
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks,  
*December 31, 1862.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I feel very grateful and very much complimented by your kind notice of me, and were it not that just now every moment of my time is occupied, I should take pleasure in replying at more length to your very kind note. As it is, I can only say that to earn a livelihood by your pen is a wish you may not only realise, but, if I mistake not, from the specimens I have seen, your abilities in that line will bring you, not only a living, but a good reputation along with it. As soon as I am less pressed with work I shall endeavour to see you, and give you such hints as I may deem of service to you. Meanwhile, wishing you the compliments of the season and a happy new year,

I remain,

Yours very truly,  
MAYNE REID.

In 1864 the brief visit of General Garibaldi to England took place. He was entertained by the late Mr. Seeley, M.P., at Brooke House, in the Isle of Wight. I was now eighteen, and my father was down at Brooke House, and accompanied the General to London. There was a grand reception at Nine Elms Station, at which the General, who was accompanied by his sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, spoke. I had the good fortune to be present, having—being my father's secretary at the time—received some platform tickets from the Reception Committee. At the conclusion of the General's few words of thanks for the address of welcome presented to him there was a general rush to the carriages. The procession was four hours reaching Charing-cross, the concourse of people

being so great. While in London, Garibaldi was the Duke of Sutherland's guest, and my father took me round to Stafford House, to introduce me to the General, who held morning receptions of his friends in the suite of rooms assigned to him. About this time I must have made some mention of Garibaldian doings in a letter to Captain Reid, who wrote me the following interesting letter :—

The Rancho,  
Gerrard's Cross,  
Bucks,  
*April 8, 1864.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Allow me to present you with the enclosed portrait, which, I believe, is the best yet taken of me, and which I have not permitted to be published. I am glad to hear that your father is by the side of Garibaldi, and I am sure no truer friend to the hero of Italy and Liberty can be found in England. I knew Garibaldi as a heroic apostle of freedom long before his



CAPT. MAYNE REID, AGE 53.

name had become familiar to English ears. I had noted his deeds of daring on the southern continent of America, while I was myself a sojourner in the North. He was winning immortal glory on the banks of La Plata, while I was wasting my foolish life hunting buffaloes on the banks of the Platte. I admired him then ; it would be strange if I did not idolise him now. Say to your father that when Garibaldi is allowed a little leisure—if ever he be allowed it in England—I should esteem it a favour to be introduced to him.

Yours very sincerely,  
MAYNE REID.

To this communication I replied, signifying my father's willingness to bring about the desired introduction, but the Captain's enthusiasm was short-lived, and he was no longer prepared to idolise the Dictator of Italy, for the reasons given in his reply :—

The Rancho,  
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Please say to

your father that I no longer desire an introduction to Garibaldi. His speech at the Crystal Palace, before the Italian Committee, will have a damaging effect on England's liberty, and an interview between him and myself, with those sentiments ringing in my ears—the adulation of such men as Palmerston and Gladstone—the truest enemies of English freedom—alongside the poor sophism of our sham prosperity and civilisation—the remembrance of these statements put forward in Garibaldi's speech would render the interview between us (to me, at least), irksome, and uncandid.

Thank your father for his very kind compliance with my former wish, now no longer entertained, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

MAYNE REID.

A few days after the receipt of the preceding letter Garibaldi was hurried out of England by the Government of the day, at the instigation of Napoleon III.

"Dream no dream of the future," was the advice given by the late Lord Lytton on the occasion of a rectorial address to the students of a Scotch university, many years ago. "For depend upon it," he said in effect, "the future will prove to be totally unlike anything you now anticipate." The truth of these words was verified in my case, for, despite my literary aspirations, I found myself in 1865 following a much less attractive pursuit. Later on, when exploring the floral beauties of the lanes of South Devon, on the back of a Dartmoor pony, it occurred to me that I might fill up my leisure time by contributing to magazines. Remembering Captain Reid's promise to befriend my efforts, I wrote to him. The Captain to whom I, although then a young man, apparently yet remained a

youth, responded in terms which show that even successful and established authors encounter periods of depression :—

The Rancho,

Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I feel great regret at my inability to assist you. I have tried several publishers of journals, who all say they do not need any contributions. You will give me credit, when I tell you that I am unable to *sell* any of my own stuff just now. There appears to be a stagnation in the publishing market, or else it arises from the frightful multiplication of writers during the last few years. I shall bear your letter in mind, and if I hear of anything will communicate with you.

Yours very sincerely,

MAYNE REID.

This was the last communication I received from Captain Mayne Reid—the parting of the ways had commenced—and I pursued my prosaic career in various parts of England, always noting with pleasure any public mention of the Captain until his regretted death.

Such are my recollections of Captain Reid, which are recorded as a grateful tribute to the memory of the friend of boyish days, who equally at ease, whether fighting or writing—attained an international reputation as a brilliant novelist, and a valorous soldier, and to whom belongs the double distinction of having made himself, in the words of Montrose, "glorious by

his pen, and famous by his sword."

At Kensal Green a sword and pen crossed, carved on a block of white marble, which is inscribed with a characteristic quotation from one of his earliest works, appropriately indicates the grave of "The Boys' Novelist."





A STORY FOR CHILDREN :  
FROM THE SPANISH.

BY MARIANA MONTEIRO.



HE Emperor Charles V., of Spain, having abdicated in favour of his son, had retired to the Monastery of Yuste, in order to enjoy in the cloister that peace and happiness which he had vainly sought for in a monarch's turbulent, though brilliant life.

Philip II. had therefore become, during his father's lifetime, the heir to the most splendid crown of Europe, nay, of the whole world. Nevertheless, he assumed the reins of government without any seeming satisfaction. He attended to the affairs of State with perseverance and assiduity, but with no manifest interest or enthusiasm, and with the air of one who performs an irksome duty.

The only relaxation he allowed himself—and one he much enjoyed—was to clothe himself in a disguise, and to wander alone, and at night, through the streets of Brussels. Dressed in the national costume of the peasantry, and wrapped in a long cloak, Philip would traverse the most unfrequented streets, and visit the obscure districts of the city, peering in through chinks of windows, and stopping to listen at doors ; by this means becoming informed of secrets of misfortune, which he was often able to relieve.

During these midnight rambles, two or three of his faithful guards, ever solicitous for his safety, were accustomed to watch his figure from a distance, and never let him out of sight.

One night when he went out as usual

to wander through the streets of Brussels, he found a young man sleeping on a bench, such as in those days stood beside the doors of nearly all the houses. He shook him by the shoulder and awoke him.

"Don't you know," he said in Dutch, "that it is forbidden to sleep out in the open air? The patrol will soon come round, and then you will be taken to prison!"

"And what's that to me?" replied the youth in Spanish, "I am going to conclude a piece of business at this very moment, which I intended to postpone until the dawn."

"A piece of business at this hour?"

"Yes, indeed! and one of some importance."

"Unless that business be to rob a neighbour, or to break into a house, I cannot think what can concern you at an hour when everyone is sleeping."

"Well," replied the youth, "in truth the idea of robbery had occurred to me, such as you are evidently well accustomed to, since you speak of it so freely; but I had repelled the evil thought, and had returned to my first scheme."

"And may I know what that scheme is," demanded the disguised King.



"I am not in the habit of making confidants of people whom I meet with in the streets at midnight. You can do me one favour, however. I am a stranger here. Will you direct me to the river?"

Philip acceded to the stranger's wish and allowed him to depart, but followed at a distance without losing sight of him.

The young man proceeded to the river-side, and climbed a rugged height which he discovered by the moonlight. There he fell upon his knees and repeated a short prayer. Then he arose, and was in the act of leaping into the water, when he felt a powerful hand grasp him by the collar and he was flung backwards on the ground.

It was the King.

"Do not force me to commit a crime before I die," exclaimed the Spaniard, as he drew a dagger. "I must choose between death or crime. Let me die, or I will stab you to the heart."

"Are you a Christian," cried the King, "and yet attempt to commit suicide?"

"It is singular that you assume to question and to judge me; and stranger still that I should answer you. But as fate has willed it, I will relate to you my history. I left Lisbon in the hope of finding a young lady whom I dearly love, but whose parents refuse their consent to our marriage. This young lady has left Brussels with her father. I have spent all my money. I cannot find a way to earn a single *maravediz*. What would you have me do? To follow your advice—to rob?"

"You wish to marry!" cried the King. "Are you thinking seriously of such a thing when you are in such poverty?"

"Oh, I should not have been so in Lisbon! Believe me, had the parents of Doña Luiza Reinaldo consented to our union, I should undoubtedly by this time

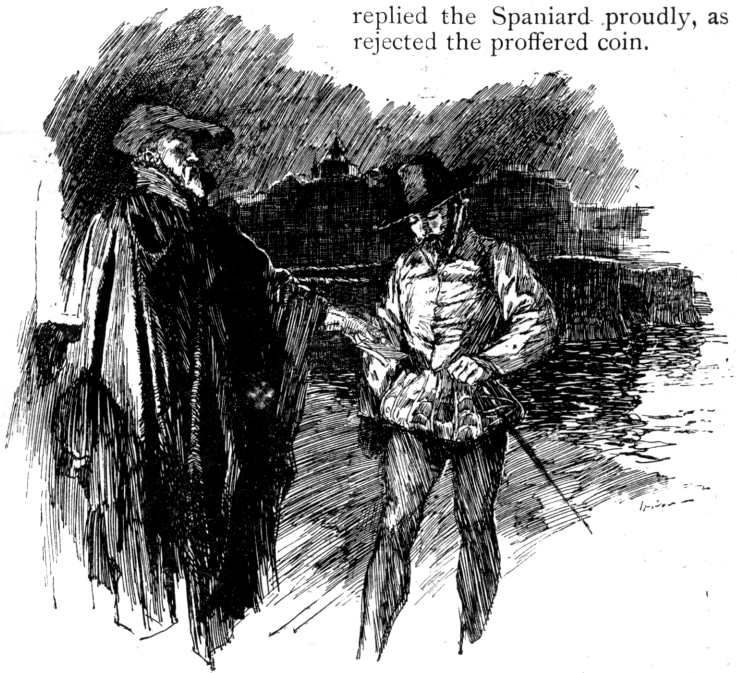
have been the painter of Doña Juana, the sister of your King Philip II.; but the grandees would not consent to having an artist for their son-in-law. They have, therefore, departed to the Low Countries, where her father has just concluded an important mission for the King. I would have followed them, for they have borne away my very life and heart; but as they travelled in a carriage and I on foot, they had already left when I arrived here, and I was unable to find out where they had gone. Yesterday I was famished. I had no money left. I besought an inn-keeper to allow me to paint his portrait for the price of a supper, but he kicked me out of doors. Leave me, then, to fling myself into the river, for the Evil One is putting thoughts of crime into my soul. Oh! misery is indeed a fearful counsellor!"

"Come, come, you must not so readily lose heart."

"But when one is hungry, what would you have him do? Not eat?"

"Come, come! You said just now that you offered to take a portrait for the value of a supper. I should greatly like to have mine taken, and I will give you twenty livres to gratify my whim. Take this gold coin; it is worth more than I have stated, but you can give me the change to-morrow."

"I do not want to receive alms," replied the Spaniard proudly, as he rejected the proffered coin.



"Remember, it is not given as an alms. It is the price of a portrait which you are to take of me. Take this," said the King, approaching the dim lamp placed before the shrine of the Madonna, which stood in a crevice of the wall.

Philip had drawn out his pocket-book, and on a fly-leaf written down as follows: "*I have received the price of a portrait, which I engage to take, of the bearer of this note.*" Now sign it."

The Spaniard did as he was bidden by the King (who all the while was muffled in his cloak) and signed the paper—*Sanchez Coello*. They were on the point of separating, when the artist called back his unknown friend.

"Where am I to find you? You know no more than I myself where I shall lodge to-night."

"Do not make yourself anxious about that. I shall find you," replied the King.

Sanchez Coello took up the satchel containing his brushes and colours, threw it over his shoulder, and proceeded to a hostelry, where he was admitted for the night.

On the following morning he was still sleeping soundly when a servant entered

"The King has sent for me?" exclaimed the other, in extreme surprise.

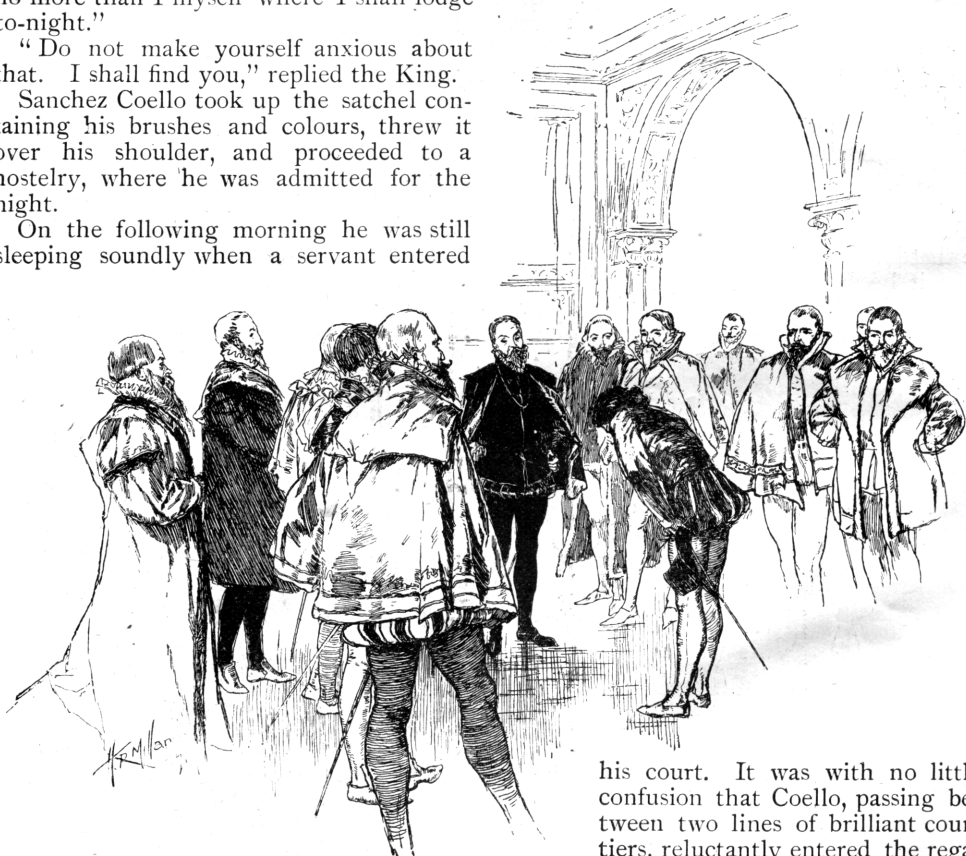
"Yes, his Majesty in person."

"But I cannot possibly appear before a monarch in these old shabby garments."

"You must obey instantly; his Majesty does not like to be kept waiting. Come with me at once, never mind your dress!"

Sanchez Coello arose, and, hastily dressing himself, prepared to be conducted to the Palace. The poor fellow wondered what Philip II. could possibly require of him, and how in the world the great and powerful king of Spain had so much as become aware of his existence, far less that he had come to Brussels.

Philip II. was, as usual, dressed in black, and surrounded by the principal officials of



"HE RELUCTANTLY ENTERED THE REGAL CHAMBER."

his room. "Señor!" he said, "for several days I have been seeking you throughout the city. You must appear immediately before his Majesty Philip II., who has sent for you."

his court. It was with no little confusion that Coello, passing between two lines of brilliant courtiers, reluctantly entered the regal chamber in his travel-worn clothes.

"Señor Alonso Sanchez Coello," said the King, "our well beloved sister has informed us that you were in Brussels, and she earnestly recommends you to us as her favourite painter.

"We desire to possess a mark of your

talent, and therefore we commission you to execute a painting representing some passages in the life of our blessed patron, St. Philip. This picture is destined for the Church of St. Ursula, and must be ready for the feast of St. Philip, which occurs within a month."

"The term assigned is very short," replied the artist, "but in token of my gratitude for your Majesty's protection, I will engage to conclude the painting by St. Philip's eve."

"I accept your word. In my palace you will find a room assigned to you, and an assistant. Our staff of servants will be at your orders, and our treasurer will supply you with what sums you may require."

Sanchez Coello thought that he was dreaming, but his dream was a reality. He was soon installed in an apartment almost regal, while a bevy of servants ready to obey his smallest wish were in attendance. An easel stood before him, with a large canvas ready for his work. He at once began to sketch the picture demanded by the King.

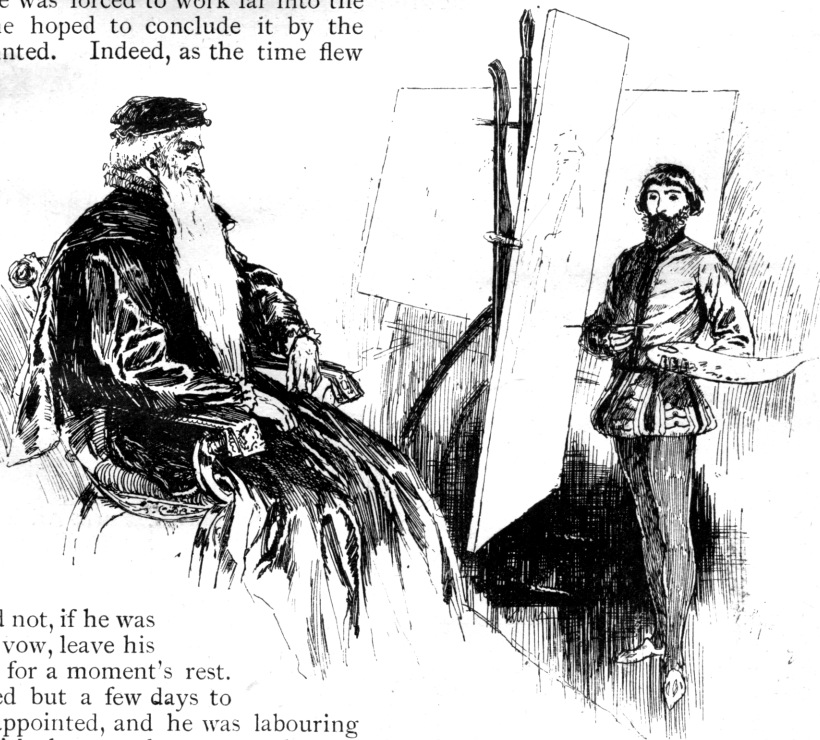
In spite of the industry and perseverance of Coello, the picture was of such colossal size that he was forced to work far into the night if he hoped to conclude it by the time appointed. Indeed, as the time flew

"At last I have found you!" cried the stranger. "What trouble I have had, to be sure! But how could I imagine that the man who meant to drown himself, and who was starving, should be lodged in the King's palace, with a crowd of servants to attend him! Well, to business! My wife is named Philippa, and you owe me the portrait for which I paid you in advance. I want you to take my portrait instantly, so that I may present it to her on the feast of St. Philip."

Sanchez was endeavouring to recognise the voice and the features of the man who had saved him from death, but he could not do so. Yet he spoke of the singular adventure of that night—a circumstance unknown to anyone; and moreover he displayed the very note which he himself had signed under the lamp of the shrine.

"I am willing to fulfil my contract," replied Coello, "but not for the feast of St. Philip. I have to finish a picture for the King, and it will be hard work to have it ready by the day appointed. I have not a moment to lose."

"That is nothing to me. I ordered my portrait and paid for it before the King



by he could not, if he was to keep his vow, leave his work even for a moment's rest.

It wanted but a few days to the time appointed, and he was labouring with feverish haste, when an unknown individual entered his studio,

"COELLO BEGAN TO TAKE HIS PORTRAIT."

ordered his picture. I now claim it, and you must paint it, unless you wish to be considered as a man whose word is worthless. Moreover, you would not be in the King's palace but for me. Bear that in mind."

"You are quite right," replied Sanchez. "I shall have to risk my future. To be wanting to my pledged word to the King is to lose everything; but sit down, and I will take your portrait, even if I be disgraced in the King's eyes."

The stranger sat down, and Coello began to take his portrait. He was a man of fine physique, with a face full of intelligence and nobility. He watched Coello at his work with a singular curiosity, and manifested himself somewhat of a critic, as the artist gathered from the observations which involuntarily escaped him.

After six hours' assiduous work the portrait had progressed considerably, and would require but a short time more to finish it. Sanchez threw himself in an armchair, and appointed an early hour the next day for his sitter to return, when he hoped to conclude the portrait.

It was the eve of the feast of St. Philip. Sanchez had

concluded the portrait; but though he sat up the whole of that night at work, he was unable to finish the King's picture, and in the early morning, worn out by fatigue, he was still holding the palette and brush, when Philip entered his studio.

On perceiving that the picture was

unfinished, the countenance of the King became clouded by displeasure.

"You have been wanting to your word," he cried in a severe voice.

Sanchez hung his head without replying. The King glanced round, and his eyes fell on the portrait of the stranger.

"By St. Philip!" he exclaimed, "you have been amusing yourself by taking the portrait of a private individual, instead of working at my picture! Through your failure I am now unable to present the picture I commissioned you to paint, and the ceremony will have to be postponed. This is a serious business, Señor Coello!"

So speaking, the King turned, and left the studio, leaving the artist in the direct dismay.

Half an hour later Coello was summoned to present himself immediately before the King. He obeyed in terror.

"Señor Alonso Sanchez Coello," said the King, "you have been wanting to your pledged word; but, on the other hand, you have fulfilled a promise which you had formerly made to me."

The Spaniard looked at Philip in speechless surprise.

"Yes," continued the King, "the stranger whom you en-

countered on the night of your despair, and the King, are one and the same person; with the sole difference that I sent in my place, to have his portrait taken, Ottovenius, the most celebrated Professor of Antwerp. You may now conclude the painting of St. Philip at your convenience;



"THE KING TURNED, AND LEFT THE STUDIO."

all the more as we are now about to celebrate a wedding."

Taking a silver whistle, which hung from his waist, the King blew a note upon it; and in a few moments Sanchez Coello saw Professor Ottovenius enter the apartment, leading Doña Luiza by the hand, and followed by Don Reinaldo and his wife. Sanchez Coello fell on his knee before the King.

The marriage of the artist and Doña Luiza was soon after solemnised in the Royal Chapel.

King Philip manifested feelings of deep friendship towards Sanchez Coello. On his

return to Spain, he brought with him his favourite artist, who, moreover, accompanied him in most of his military expeditions.

Sanchez Coello several times took the portrait of Philip II., on horseback and on foot. He was covered with honours and distinctions by the most powerful crowned heads in the world, by Popes, Dukes, and Cardinals. At his table sat Grandees of Spain, and his house was the resort of the highest dignitaries of the Church and State, so that often two extensive courtyards of his residence were filled with litters, carriages, and sedan chairs. He became the most famous artist of his time, and amassed a princely fortune.

